

CHANGING
GERMANY

CHARLES TOWER



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BY

CHARLES TOWER
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INTRODUCTION

THE publication of another book about Germany in connection with the war may require some explanation, even if defence is difficult. It may therefore be well to state that the following chapters, written to please no one and at nobody's invitation, were the outcome of a disappointment. When, upon the outbreak of war, I was compelled hastily to quit my home in Charlottenburg, leaving behind me books and clothes, and even a carefully packed trunk which had been intended to accompany me to the "only unexploited valley in the Canton Valais" (an annual illusion whose destruction is, however, rarely unpleasant), I found that, for a time at any rate, there was nothing to do but take a holiday, the first long holiday in England for thirteen years. Everybody was talking war, of course, and finally, since there was nothing better to do, I began to try to review, like a cinematograph, some of the most striking scenes of life in Germany, whereof I had been a spectator, and to wonder if somehow the

individual scenes would fit together into such a record as might afford some explanation of some features of the war. Of course, the experiment was a failure, because an attempt to trace the continuity of history through a series of events still passing, in part, before the eyes is certain to lead to false perspective in some cases, and in other cases to conclusions based on incomplete enumeration. Still, the experiment was attractive, and when I had abandoned the *magnum opus* I collected some of the sections of the film, and have here reproduced them in case they may prove of wider interest. The reader will find some rather dogmatic assertions with which he will doubtless disagree, syllogisms whereof he may well dispute either the premisses or the conclusions or both, and descriptions which he may consider to be biased. But the chapters are not intended to be more than sketches of personal impressions, nor have they any claim to a greater importance.

If I were to try to summarize the aspect of modern Germany which has really proved attractive, I might perhaps have to admit that the attractive qualities are those which the country has retained and the towns and cities have lost. Somehow even the virtues of Prussian scientific organization are not lovable: one prayed for a kink in the straight-driven road. The Four

Walls of the Prussian House are not soothing to the nerve or pleasing to the eye, and above them, slowly descending to crush the spirit, is a Sky of Iron.

C. T.

LONDON,
March, 1915.

SECTION I
GERMANY YESTERDAY

CHANGING GERMANY

CHAPTER I

"THE PARABLE OF A TOP-HAT"

"SURELY you are not going out in that hat?"

If I remembered the name of my fair Russian mentor I would record it. For it was a Russian lady of Kieff, visiting Berlin at the time, who told me on a certain New Year's Eve what I should find in Berlin then and thereafter. I went out in "that hat," a most respectable "cylinder," and I think perhaps it alone of all the top-hats that appeared in the Friedrichstrasse that December night or January morning came through the battle without dishonourable scars. "A top-hat," said my Russian acquaintance, "is a red rag to the lords of misrule on Sylvester Eve. There has been some promise of protection by the police this year, but I would not rely on it. For, you see, hitherto the Sylvester rioting has been almost a police-protected amusement: a safety-valve, I suppose, for all the police-forbidden enthusiasm of the rest of the year." We went, I remember, to see a Student festival, about two o'clock next

morning, in a cabaret, or what served for a cabaret a decade ago, in the north of the town. There was a great deal of punch drunk, but much more beer, and much throwing of the paper rolls, which in the morning decorated all the trees and most of the lamp-posts. It was snowy, too, and Berlin was extremely proud of the fact that you could walk in half an hour or so out of the gay life of the capital into the surrounding forest, and thence trudge mile after mile through the snow until somewhere in the early hours you came to a little station—to hot sausages, weak coffee, and a train home.

A young English organist took me in tow after a day or two, and we walked out through the open country where now is the American quarter of Berlin, until we came, towards midnight, to a tiny Stehbierhalle away in the forest (it is now a banker's palace, and you may not approach within half a mile of it), where he said the proprietor still had a part of a bottle of whisky left by an Englishman in Caprivi's day. Of course, you could get whisky at "the bar" (I think there were actually three so-called bars in Berlin then), but it was only frequented by some jockeys and a few of those who were trying hard to establish a "gilded youth" in the German capital.

I went to live presently with Bismarck's

cook—at least, she claimed to have been his cook. She was a good soul—proud actually to satisfy the tastes of a “spoiled Englishman” and very pleased to talk about the Kulturkampf. She had a brother, if I remember rightly, who was greatly distressed about the repeal of a section of the Jesuit law then under discussion. He complained that it was a sop to Austria, and he was by no means “sound” on the Austro-German alliance.

It was at the beginning of the invasion of French cooks which marked the Bülow regime, and I presently became a victim of a French “circle,” all Germans, with a French conversationalist, which took me for walks in the country and tried to teach me how to eat white sausages in the old sausage-shop on the Potsdamer Platz, where now stands the Fürstenhof Hotel. That “circle” also expounded the value of brown bread for the teeth and the virtues of bread and mustard, which were given gratis, as a stiller of appetite. One night, when it was too rainy to go for the usual walk, I was taken to the eighteen-penny seats at the Berliner Theatre, which had just commenced the run of “Alt Heidelberg.” The theatres of old Berlin are the only feature of its gay life which has in part survived the era of glitter and froth then about to set in.

From the French circle I was handed on to a

Skat Club, which met on Wednesdays and Saturdays at an ancient and very inexpensive beer-hall on the very outskirts of civilization—that is, about the middle of the present Charlottenburg. The beer-hall was established in what at some distant era must have been a country farm-house. There was a beautiful old oak gallery outside the house, overlooking the remnant of an ancient garden and the ruins of a fountain. The garden ended abruptly in a high wooden palisade, beyond which some vandal was to erect a block of flats advertised to be “on the edge of the forest.” On high festivals (the Emperor’s birthday was one of them) the usual beer gave way to red wine, or sometimes Rhine wine, and we ate pheasant with sauerkraut instead of sausages. Also the Skat was replaced by patriotic speeches of interminable length and irreproachable sentiment, but they were retrospective. We “remembered the days past,” and from one veteran of the table I learned what life in Germany was like when there were four different post-offices in Hamburg for the various parts of Germany. But on one night, when Carnival drew to its end, the Skat Club notified me by post, with four days’ grace for acceptance, that on the proposal of its president it would “make a night of it” at the Moulin Rouge. It appeared that there was to be a Faschings Ball (Carnival masquerade) at mid-

night, and the Skat Club would relax its stern morality of 1860 in order to see this wicked night-life of modern Babylon. I shall not attempt to describe the Moulin Rouge of Berlin. It has vanished and been rebuilt, and, I suppose, is as gorgeous now as its later successor, the Palais de Danse. It was not very wicked, as may be seen from the fact that my friends of the Skat Club brought their wives and sat in a row along the wall, drinking, in honour of the great occasion, a very cheap kind of German champagne. There were, however, two people in “schmoking,” that is, dinner-jackets, and they were dancing a Viennese waltz, which the Skat Club considered scarcely the thing. “And now,” they said, as we left about 2 a.m. to catch a horse-bus home, “you know what our night-life is like. It is very gay, but it is also very tiring.”

It may be that I have drawn this picture in colours too sombre. The criticism may be admitted at once, because this atmosphere that I have tried to suggest was not that of Berlin in Caprivi's time or earlier, but of the German capital ten years ago. I believe that, however far back one may trace the causes of decadent morality and corrupt mentality, the growth of the great canker in the heart of Europe which now demands rough surgery is a matter of little more than a decade. I shall try, therefore, to point the contrast as well as I may.

On a spring evening, I think in 1904, a German friend asked me if I thought it possible that the really old superstitions should still survive in the rapid growth of modern Berlin. I assumed that that might hardly be the case. He invited me to come and see. So we journeyed out, about four in the morning, by carriage to a "little spring amongst the hills" not very far from Koepenick, and here at dawn we watched whilst some young girls, clad in black or grey and with shawls over their heads, came in silence to the spring, took water in the hollow of their hands, and dashed it over their eyes. Then they filled little pots, and, silently as they had come, went away again. Not one word was spoken by them or by us, but my German friend explained on the way home, in welcome sunshine, that this ritual was of the oldest in all Germany. It was the last surviving relic of the old spring customs which belong in the Christian calendar to "February Fill-Dyke, the month of Purification." There was purification still by fire some years later, but this ritual of the cold spring-water has vanished within these ten years. The young girls of Koepenick to-day require white-tiled, sunk baths, and they do not wear shawls on their heads. Perhaps I should add here the ritual of St. John's Eve, because I saw it practised within twenty miles of Berlin a few years

ago, though then it was, I think, stage-managed, and was no more than an excuse for a new kind of night-junketing. The purification by fire ten years ago still took place in many villages, especially, I believe, of the Oderbruch, and if you journeyed out to the ceremony it was on this manner.

Outside some such little station as that of Niederfinow, over against the little country home whence came the present Chancellor, stood a wagonette, with summer curtains and garlanded about with green of the hedgerows. Maybe a paper lantern or two swung inside, but in any case, under the wagonette swung in its lashings a barrel of beer destined to cool in transit. A rough-coated horse, or maybe a pair, was in the shafts, and when the “Kremser,” as the wagonette was called, was filled to its utmost it jolted away over roads half-sand and half-cobble, across the marsh-road or round by the forest-way to the little town under the Pimpernel hill. Sliced sausage and big slices of new brown bread, butter, and perhaps eggs, were the midday meal. Early in the evening a dish of hashed lungs, with a poached egg, might be served in or outside the “Red Ox,” and then young and old would climb the hill to the green top, whence, not so very long ago, as the gods count time, rose the smoke of sacrifice from a stone altar. And here

when night drew on was lit the bonfire, and here were placed perhaps the garlanded stakes, with their quoit-wreaths of St. John, his weed, the fivefold, or it may have been sevenfold, coronets which later were thrown upon the fire. But when the fire burned low, across the hot ashes sprang man and maid—in silence, I think the ritual required, but I never saw it in its sometime purity. The burning of the fire was for purification, a relic of heathendom and of sun-worship, but cleaner and of better import than some of the ceremonies of a later Berlin. Late at night the Kremser took its burden of tired people back to some station whence an early train could be taken to Berlin. There was, I think, in this and in other curious customs a sense of earth-cleanliness, not merely the fascination which always pervades remnants of ancientry. Men and women, young and old, still took the ceremonies of the year seriously and rather solemnly. “Es war ja erhebend” (“It was uplifting”), they said, and their *Sursum corda* was no mockery. Old Father Bodelschwingh, who followed the troops to Sedan, told me once, in the year before he died, that you could find a truer feeling of religion in men lying on their backs under the trees of the Grunewald than in men listening to vituperative sermons in the churches of Berlin. But then Bodelschwingh was of the old school, and had

no traffic with the Superman. And after all, if you will but remember, Christmas-trees were still called “Mayen” in Germany, and still men hung nuts on them in memory of the elder gods long after we had forgotten in England why as children we sang of gathering “nuts in May.” Ten years ago, then, these things were not wholly forgotten in Berlin, and still less throughout the countryside.

I am not trying to pretend that nothing has altered for the better in modern Berlin. Municipal improvements there have been beyond doubt, and there have been honest attempts to deal with many a social evil, excepting always the worst of all—immorality, or rather unmorality. For instance, ten years ago the so-called “hanging-lofts” for servants were the rule, not the rare exception. A flat might have half a dozen splendid great rooms in a solidly built house, but the servant’s room would be a dingy loft, so low that you could nowhere stand upright in it, lit quite often only by a window on to the kitchen, or a dark air-shaft, and reached by a ladder which was removed during the day. During the decade the police have issued an ordinance forbidding the use of the “Hängeboden,” but in a good many flats, especially near the Thiergarten (Park), they have merely been altered by hacking a fresh window through the

outer wall and making the ladder permanent. Frequently, if not usually, the Hängeboden in these old houses is over the bathroom, and divided from it by a thin flooring. Naturally the airy, well-lit, and central-heated servants' rooms of the new flats are an improvement. I lived first in Berlin in a flat with a Hängeboden, and last in one with a special servant's lift, special servant's bathroom, and so forth. But the Berlin of rather more than a decade ago retained a certain air of mystery, an atmosphere which distinguished it, and which has utterly been lost in the stucco-and-new-paint atmosphere of Berlin just before the war.

The faint fragrance which still clung to Berlin was considerably more easily to be caught in the country. It is from the country, and especially from South Germany and the Rhineland, that those English people who retain an abiding affection for what they mean by Germany have usually obtained their impressions. Not so many years have passed since I rode out with a friend on a bicycle, one day in March, to a village in Mecklenburg, where a Jack-in-the-green was paraded and a decorated wheel set afire and trundled down the hill to a pond at the bottom, a half-religious performance of the ancient ritual of the turning year. On the way, too, as I remember, we saw a sower cast the seed across

and across a stake set up at the headlands of the plough, the symbol of Thor and his hammer, and a devout mystery.

Elsewhere I was guest once at one of those marriage-feasts where the bridesmen sit at a table outside the house of feasting to take toll of the guests in money or kind for the furnishing forth of the new home. Here, too, they danced the old candle-dance, which provoked so much antiquarian admiration when its degraded Court equivalent was solemnly performed at the wedding of the Hohenzollern princess. “A Hohenzollern tradition,” they called it. Pooh! It was ancient when the Hohenzollerns stole cattle for a livelihood. Candles, or originally torches, set in sconces in the wall were lit, and the dance continued till the last flame flickered down and died. No one noticed that Pepys talked of it as still an extant custom in England in his day. Ten years ago the candle-dance, as finale of the wedding festival, was common enough in German villages.

But you could come across many a graceful survival in Germany ten years ago, and, for a matter of that, could still find customs preserved as half-religious ceremonies instead of as mere tradition in many villages of Germany up to the year of the war. One spring day of the year 1907 I was riding in the early morning from Bingen

to Coblenz along the left bank of the Rhine, and came about eight o'clock to a little inn near Bacharach. As I entered the door there was a cry from some inner chamber, then a little, little cry, and presently silence. I waited some minutes in the big, empty guest-room, with its cobwebbed beams, scrubbed deal tables, and long oak settles. Then from that inner chamber came a procession. First a midwife, full of years but with a sympathetic face. She seized me by the hands and shook them vigorously. Then came the master of the house—Simon the Cellarer, in layman garb but else the very man. He, too, shook me by the hand, clapped me on the back, and made way for a pretty young woman, the kind you expect to see at the ingathering of the grapes and so rarely happen upon. What need of more description? She kissed me on both cheeks, and her eyes were full of tears. Last came the village priest, jolly of countenance and with none of your Lutheran leanness. He gave me his blessing, and then, with no more ado, demanded my name. I gave my surname, of course. "Is that your Ruf-name?" he asked. "Why, no," I said; "I am called Charles, or Karl." "Sehr gut! Karl!" said the priest, and with that all the company said "Karl" in unison. "Karl soll er heissen!" ("Karl shall his name be!"), said the midwife, nodding towards the door, and

the priest asserted, "Karl is his name." And then they all shook hands all round. "And could I, perhaps, if it is not too much trouble, have some breakfast?" I inquired; for that was what I had sought. "Frühstück!" shouted the happy father, for such was the innkeeper. "Eat what you will, drink what you will. Greet God and step within! You bring Fortune with you." And so in the big rooms under the beams we ate and drank and were merry. And for my namesake (who lives somewhere in the Rhineland and is taught in his school to sing a Psalm of Hate against all Englishmen) I left silver that the luck I had brought might never desert the house, and took with me a blessing that was surely meant in the spirit and in truth. It was a happy morning, and remains, even in this darkness of war, a happy memory. There are a score such, and they all helped to make up a picture of that side of German life which has always so attracted the stranger within the gates.

One night in December, I think it was in 1905, I had been travelling about Germany to make arrangements for the local news-service of a London paper, and came rather late to Ulm, on the Danube, on my way from Heidelberg to Munich. Either I had made a mistake or my time-table was out-of-date. In any case, the train

stopped at Ulm instead of going on, and I was turned out into the streets to get food and shelter until about midnight a train should go on. I went to the "Red Ox" and found a hot meal unobtainable. Then I went farther and stood in the cold (it had been snowing, and now there was a sharp frost) before the beautiful front of the cathedral, with its shapely spire, and amidst the forest of Christmas-trees awaiting their purchasers. There were few lights save in the houses, and the stars were left to light the wonderful picture. Suddenly a voice spoke behind me, and a hand touched me on the shoulder. "You're a foreigner, hein?" I admitted it, wondering (for I knew Berlin best) of what infringement of the police ordinances of Ulm I had been guilty. "Geh'st weiter, hein?" ("Are you going farther?") I explained that I was going to Munich. "And will have been looking for food, of course?" This also I confessed. "Well, you will hardly come by a hot meal. Still—Engländer, net?" "Yes." "Well, come along. It is too near the Holy Evening to leave one in the cold." Rather surprised (for guest-friendliness nine years ago was already in Northern Germany too much degraded to cousinship banquetings, and I was not used to the South), I followed, and by devious ways was led to a little inn somewhere in the town,

where in a room behind the guest-chamber there was a feast. Some eight or ten people were present. I was introduced quite simply as an “Engländer”; and my host and benefactor explained at great length how he had found me, a kind of wandering Christmas sheep, staring at the cold cathedral under the frosty stars. I forget the menu, but I remember some “Boxbeutel” wine and, because I was cold, a big nip of spirits that they gave me. Later my discoverer showed me my way to the station, and with some difficulty I obtained leave to contribute to the presents that should be laid, a few days later, on a white napkin under the tree of the youngest child. It was the only way of paying for my supper.

These little sketches, taken at random from notebooks, may serve at worst to illustrate something of the spirit which was quite common in the Germany of ten years ago, or even less. I should like now to take an illustration of the same spirit in process of change.

There are along all the shores of the Baltic curious little fishing villages, some of them with ancient cottages dating far back into an age which was scarcely Christian. Often these villages lie on a narrow belt of sand and pine-trees between the sea and a Bodden, a lake of fresh or brackish water. The belt is often little more than three-

quarters of a mile wide, but it serves now to provide the playground of middle-class Germany. In response to the general State system, which requires that after so-and-so many weeks of work the German worker and his children should take a holiday, the big German towns are evacuated about the beginning of July (the school holidays), and tens of thousands flock to these Baltic resorts. Accommodation ten years ago was of the simplest. You took a three-roomed "villa" or part of a villa, with very little furniture, and a tiny room with an iron stove, serving as a kitchen. A Berlin family takes all its bedding to the seaside with it, because the "villas" provide only the iron framework. The only cooking done was the boiling of an egg or two in the evening and of coffee in the morning. The meal of the day was (and is) a heavy luncheon of numerous courses at one of the restaurants on or near the beach or amongst the trees. Life was as simple as it could be, and, beyond bathing, the German paterfamilias (not only the children) usually spent his day in building or repairing a huge sand-fortress, to be subsequently decorated with flags.

It was all very simple and had a quite extraordinary charm. I remember when I first shared this Baltic summer life it had some of the charm of life in a Swiss club-hut, and even to this day

there is a certain smell of cooking—I am not sure how it is produced—which recalls as pleasant memories as does that admixture of the smells of boiling chocolate, stewing Maggi soup, and stale tobacco which permeates a club-hut. The Baltic cooking smell instantly recalls, like the smoke of a magician’s cauldron, blazing sunshine on a shore where the tide never seems to vary—a lazy, lotus existence where everybody is optimistic and requirements are modest. (The club-hut smell has a much stronger pull at the heartstrings, of course: it produces the keenest and most aching desire I know: but it is generically of the same family.)

Within the last five years that Baltic life has changed as sadly as has the life of Zermatt in the last twenty. It has become more ambitious. The quiet of the shore is destroyed by Kursaal bands: there is a regular toilet promenade even in little Dievenow, and, worse still, the hotel is slowly becoming a substitute for the villa. The old simplicity has not gone altogether, but there has appeared a class of visitors who desire to imitate at less expense the “fashionable life” of Heringsdorf and other such resorts “in the season.” German country school-teachers will pinch themselves to the verge of starvation for eleven months in order to live at a hotel on the Baltic for a month, to tip lavishly, drink wine at two meals

a day, and in general appear as though they were accustomed all the year round to a life of genteel *far niente*. The old pleasant shore-life of the Baltic is gradually disappearing, as surely as has the “*Gemütlichkeit*” of nineteenth-century Berlin.

CHAPTER II

TEN YEARS AFTER

IN the preceding chapter I have endeavoured to illustrate a kind of life and an attitude to life which certainly survived in the Germany of ten years ago. I do not, of course, pretend that it was characteristic of the city so late in its history. What I mean is that there was a leaven, a kind of life and an outlook upon life which it has been rather frequently supposed disappeared at one stroke with the victories of the Bismarckian era. I believe that to be a mistake, for, unless these observations are in vain, it must be true that the victories of Königgratz and Sedan were not the consequence of a new creation which is still developing in Germany, but proceeded from economic, mental, and spiritual development traceable far back in the history of unfederated Germany. I believe, therefore, that in the Berlin of 1904 one might have found surviving traces of a leaven which ten years later has disappeared.

I shall take in this chapter illustrations of the

other kind of Germany which has arisen, not, indeed, as the result of the genius of Bismarck and Moltke, but as a consequence of that curious moral defect in a nation which almost anybody can illustrate in individuals and which is usually summarized as "the inability to stand success." In the decade to which I am now referring there have been innumerable moral scandals, but there have been two illustrations of common note and one which I think is less commonly known. Earliest of them is what is now called the Harden trial, though in truth Maximilian Harden was no more than an agent in the hands of much more powerful people. Prince Philip of Eulenburg has been continuously portrayed in the German Press as a mental and physical debauchee, a vicious plotter, best known through the statement attributed to him by Maximilian Harden, "We have put a ring round the Kaiser which he can never break through." In reality Philip of Eulenburg was an able diplomat and a skilful politician. It is only necessary to say that to him the Kaiser owed his reconciliation with the great conservative landowning party who so long opposed the building of a powerful navy. As with his successor in the rôle of Imperial confidant (Prince Max Egon zu Fürstenberg), his diplomatic skill was used very largely by the Emperor in those unofficial, unregistered negotia-

tions, particularly with the Court of Vienna, which in the long run have reduced Austria to a condition of vassalage to the Court of Berlin.

Prince Eulenburg was a spiritist—that is to say, he retained in a debauched form some of the mysticism which was an essential characteristic of the old Germany and has disappeared in the new. To the Kaiser, who can scarcely have been in any doubt as to the lack of appeal made by the State Church to the true sense of the supernatural, Eulenburg and his spiritist circle made a certain appeal. There was published in Berlin, shortly before the Eulenburg affair, a curious pamphlet of about a hundred pages referring to various proofs which the Kaiser held of the physical reality of spiritist phenomena. Amongst these proofs was said to be a portion of a spirit's *Gewand*—that is, material clothing. A tiny portion of this materialized spirit stuff, the book asserted, the Kaiser carried always between the outer and inner covers of his watch or in a locket. There is very little doubt that, however much or however little truth there may have been in this and similar assertions, Prince Eulenburg and his spiritist circle represented in quarters which could not be accused of lack of brain power a certain striving after a supernatural theory or creed not represented by the

growing materialism either of the State Church or of the life of the State.

Unfortunately, the Kaiser's confidant was not only mentally abnormal: his moral abnormalities presented a convenient handle whereby his enemies might bring him to fall. There was produced against what was called his Camarilla a mass of evidence, most of which has never been published, but all of which went to show that in a certain section of Potsdam society, particularly amongst the Life Guards, there existed a code of immorality not definable in print. That Prince Eulenburg was aware of this and made no effort to release himself from such society or to prevent the delinquents from frequenting the Palace was roundly asserted, but it is certain that any military society which could have been investigated at that time would have been shown to include elements no whit better than those which were said to frequent Count Lynar's villa at Potsdam.

All too soon after the Harden trial followed that of Allenstein. Maximilian Harden had found the Potsdam revelations so valuable to his little weekly pamphlet, the *Zukunft*, that he once more posed as the surgeon of military perversity, and published medical evidence and evidence drawn from private letters in connection with the Allenstein case such as would certainly,

and rightly, have brought upon him police prosecution in any other country in the world. But the Allenstein case proved only what had been suspected when Bilse wrote his "History of a Little Garrison," what had been shown in the Harden trial and in the suppressed details of other scandals—namely, that the class which claimed social pre-eminence in Germany was not indeed rotten to the core, as was sometimes claimed in England, but was leavened throughout by a kind of hot-house vice which was possibly the outcome simply of that same inability to stand success to which reference has already been made.

There was yet a third illustration, which has gone unrecorded except in a few of the American papers. A few years ago there appeared at a Berlin variety theatre a dancer who claimed to be Spanish. For some weeks she proved a considerable attraction. I do not know if the attraction was due to her skill in dancing, but I am sure that very many of the society people who in those weeks visited the Apollo Theatre were attracted by the vague rumour that somehow this Spanish dancer, like more famous prototypes in German history, was somehow mixed up in high politics. Then suddenly a notice appeared that the señora had been ordered by the police to quit Prussia within three days. There was a

mild sensation, and because it was asserted that political reasons were behind this sudden police action, I went to see the lady in her beautiful flat in Charlottenburg. On the piano stood signed photographs of half a dozen reigning princes, including, if I remember rightly, one of Prince Rupert of Bavaria, and beside them, unsigned, a portrait of the well-known Bavarian poet, Ludwig Thoma, the author of that very curious play "Moral." Probably most people who read German have read "Moral"; it is neat and in places even sparkling, but I only remember one criticism, I think in an American paper, and I know that it claimed that the Bavarian playwright had stolen Shakespeare's thunder and re-introduced the Falstaff legend of the "dirty clothes basket." But when I asked the señora why she was being dismissed from Berlin, she said, pointing to Thoma's portrait and to that of the Bavarian prince, "There is the answer." A little later she explained many things which Harden had left untouched. She said that amongst those who had frequently occupied boxes at the Apollo Theatre were prominent officers of Potsdam, princes, and the noblest of the people; and then she laughed. "They do not come to see me," she said, "but they come that people may think they have the normal tendencies of their class." The señora disappeared from

Berlin and vanished, I do not know whither; but Ludwig Thoma's "Moral" remains still a record of the state of things at the Royal Court of Bavaria. He that reads may run. I should add perhaps that the Berlin police did not carry out the request of their Bavarian colleagues to chase the dancer from pillar to post until she left Germany. They remembered Lola Montez in Bavaria, and there is no doubt that they feared a second influence of like character at the Bavarian Court; but they had to deal with a much cleverer woman, who had no political ambitions whatsoever, and the Spanish dancer merely replied to the German police of Prussia and Bavaria: "Let me alone and I will let you alone, but if you attempt to ruin me I will publish memoirs of the Court of Bavaria and of the villas of Potsdam." The German police decided to hold their peace.

I have not quoted this for the sake of reviving an ancient scandal, but merely to show that it was not only Prince Eulenburg's spiritist circle, not only the officers of the Imperial Guard or of the Allenstein garrison, who would have found it awkward to face a public investigation.

Let us take the opposite end of the social scale. There are certain figures published annually in the Imperial Gazetteers of Prussia and of the Empire which should show any one

who will study them with an open mind what was the standard of morality in the wage-earning classes of Germany before the war. A writer named Marie Madeleine published some years ago a little series of sketches of life as the Berlin domestic servant knew it. They are descriptive of a total lack of morality of any kind. I cannot commend them, however, to English readers. Last, I must refer reluctantly to the amazing series of what came to be called "The Garden Trials." No names of the persons concerned in these trials, as far as I know, were ever published. In another chapter I shall try to describe in printable language the conditions which prevailed very largely in Berlin in recent years, when some of these trials were running their course; but I shall turn now to another aspect of German decay which I think has a bearing not only on many of the curious incidents of this present war, but must also have an influence in determining the future of Germany.

Amongst the developments which have been most striking in the Germany of the last ten years has been that of specialization. It was, I believe, an American professor who said that whilst England remained a nation of amateurs, Germany had become a nation of professionals. Like all summaries, it is not quite true, but what he

meant, I think, is that in Germany no one is allowed, or was allowed, to be a Jack-of-all-trades. It will be remembered that one of the charges brought against the Kaiser in 1908 was that he would not stick to his last. He was juvenalesque :

“A man so various that he seemed to be,
Not one but all mankind’s epitome ;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long ;
But in the course of one revolving moon
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.”

Here was a genuine Jack-of-all-trades, a man incomprehensible and even intolerable to the specialized Germany of 1908. What had actually happened was this: the State, taking control of almost every sphere of human activity, had told off so and so many men to this province of life or that. The thing is illustrated in innumerable ways in Germany. Thus, the career of a judge is not the career of a barrister ; judge-ship is a specialized function. That is one illustration of many. There is a class whose province in the State it is to think, and these men are called professors ; a professor may be a free-thinker ; he may even be a democrat ; he can think and express his thoughts pretty much as he pleases, and nobody sees anything strange in it, because that is what he is paid to do.

What the German system cannot and does not tolerate is that people should think and express their thoughts on subjects with which they are not paid to concern themselves. I am aware that this is to some extent an overstatement, but anybody can illustrate it from prominent incidents of recent years. A leading German professor like Haeckel may deny the whole theory on which German State religion is based ; professors may be monotheist, atheist, indeed, what they will ; that is their job ; but if Pfarrer Jatho, a man who in the scheme of things is paid to preach, maintain, support a State religion, dares to use his brain to gnaw at its narrow bonds, he is cast out into the outer darkness, not because he is a free-thinker but because he is not doing his specific job. These are mere illustrations, but the tendency which they illustrate has developed in a direction which has destroyed the old virtue of German Kultur and the real merit of the days which preceded 1870.

Bismarck, Moltke, Stein, and others might, I think, feel themselves strangers in modern Germany, because they insisted on thinking outside their provinces. Thought, therefore, has been left to a special class, and to all the rest, execution for so many hours a day of the business laid upon them by the State. There has resulted a lack of constructive criticism, and

therefore also a lack of constructive religious feeling as well as of constructive morality. I shall endeavour to show later on how this affects Germany in the present war, and still more how it affects England and her Allies.

The law of individual responsibility is another of the laws with which modern Germany has appeared to dispense. It would be difficult, I think, to obtain from most Germans in the business walks of life an interpretation of Emerson's maxim, "Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent." His neighbour's creed is not a thing with which the average German is concerned. He is not his brother's keeper. There are State-made ecclesiastical officials, appointed and paid to worry about such things, and therefore it is an impertinence and an exceeding of the civilian's prerogative to consider such questions at all. The individual is responsible in his working hours to the State for just that kind of work for which he is paid, and for none other. Vaguely there may occur to him at times the idea that on the whole the whole nation has a responsibility, but the suggestion that each is in part responsible also for his neighbour is hardly one that occurs to him.

The German is hardly even responsible to himself. Some things are permitted and some

forbidden, not by his inner consciousness or by his sense of rectitude, but by paragraph so-and-so and section this, that, and the other.

Kant's precept for the guidance of the German, "The starry heavens above me and within me the moral law," may appear to German professors as the basis of State action, but it cannot be claimed as the key to the individual German life.

It would, I think, be difficult to find in modern German literature anything resembling Kipling's somewhat forgotten doctrine as to the character of men who win the Victoria Cross. You are to keep yourself and your rifle just so, to have yourself in honour, because when the hour of trial, which English folk call opportunity, comes to you, you stand, whether you are officer or private, alone. The German in the hour of trial or of opportunity does not stand alone. Here, as in everything he does, he is just part of a machine, to be provided with a mechanically regulated oil supply, to be kept clean by people appointed for the purpose, and allowed to stand idle just so long as is necessary for the weapon to recover its edge. That the individual life should be a thing of independent value is a theory which possibly occurs to a few people in moments of exasperation, but has in reality no bearing

on their conduct. The mass is responsible, not the individual in the mass. We shall see later how this doctrine has worked out on the banks of the rivers of France.

The State, in other words, has substituted for the old personal and individual code a State-made code, "precept upon precept, line upon line." What is not forbidden is permitted. It will be clear what bearing this has upon German morality. But the essential factor, so far as I can see, has been the substitution of the State and its interest for the individual and his moral welfare. In the German scheme of things as developed in the years before the war the individual simply did not count. All that mattered was the State. In the sphere of religion there has grown out of the State-creed the "State, a creed."

Clearest, I suppose, is the illustration of State authority in the long series of police incidents which preceded the war.

Under the regime of the police president Herr von Jagow, there was issued probably the most significant of all police ordinances. It threatened with punishment and even with dismissal without a pension any police officer in Berlin who got shot or injured by a rowdy through reluctance to shoot before he was shot at. There followed in consequence a series of scandalous incidents,

wherein figured police who had shot down persons not armed at all. The glint of steel in a dark street was taken for the reflection from a Browning, and the policeman fired. I need not recall in detail the incidents of that night of terror in northern Berlin which followed upon the Three Farthing Riot. When the war broke out the police of Berlin had still succeeded in evading the making of any recompense for the lives and limbs that were lost in Moabit.

A regretful smile was the only answer obtained when socialist advocates complained that servant-girls, nursemaids, old men, and women with children in their arms had been battered by the police, not, indeed, because they were even suspected of having so much as jeered, but because they happened to be in the way and the flat or the edge of a police sabre was the easiest way of getting them out of it. Authority—that is, the State—was at stake; what happened to the individual did not matter; if he got in the way, so much the worse for him, and if, being innocent, he suffered, “It is better that one man die and that the State perish not.” The Moabit riots should have warned Europe that territories overrun by a German army might expect to suffer. Tens of thousands of non-combatants have perished in Europe because the State was at stake, and not because any German life was in danger.

There may be sufficient excuse for an endeavour at this point to suggest, rather than describe, the Berlin before the war as it appeared to one who had watched the growth of its apparently most significant phenomena over a period of ten years. In any great city of the world there will be found a measure of vice in all its forms. In Berlin alone of all great modern cities the opportunities of vice were developed and State-protected as an encouragement for foreigners ; yet in reality the worst side of German life in Berlin was one whereof visitors saw very little. Let me first try to describe some of the scenes which were generally referred to by people who wrote of "gay Berlin." In the opening chapter I pointed out that that haunt of non-existent vice, the Berlin Moulin Rouge, ten years ago was an amazingly harmless dancing-floor, where very sober German burghers and their wives and unattractive daughters drank beer or wine, and rarely champagne, on uncomfortable chairs round a rather tawdry room. Out of this early dancing-floor developed the most gorgeous, the most over-lit and under-ventilated assembly-room in Europe, the Palais de Danse. Attached to the Metropole Variety Theatre, this extraordinary palace was frequented night after night, but more especially at the end of the week, by all classes of the population, from the lower middle-class

upwards, and the only reason why one rarely found working-men and their wives there was because the entrance-fee was rather high and the wines very dear. True, there were *demi-mondaines* to be found there, but there were also to be seen on its dancing-floor officers in uniform with women who certainly did not belong to the submerged classes ; and, indeed, it was a favourite establishment of the good ladies of Berlin society who wanted to organize charity entertainments. It glittered with gold and flashed with innumerable electric lights, reflected from its polished pillars and its huge mirrors. You sat at overcrowded tables, on very uncomfortable chairs, on a sort of platform, drank usually very bad champagne at a very high price, professed to watch the dancing, and pretended to enjoy yourself. It is significant that after a few weeks the Palais de Danse, like the Moulin Rouge and a dozen other imitative establishments, was completely deserted by the class of well-to-do unemployed who really gave Berlin her reputation for vice. One might attend this extraordinary sanctum of over-decorated simplicity from about midnight until two o'clock. Then a move was made through an ante-chamber called the Chinese or Japanese Garden, a rather low hall decorated with stage trees and imitation cherry-blossom, and lit by cherry-coloured lamps.

It was not pretty, and it was never used, as far as I remember, save as an entrance-hall to a dining saloon, which pretended to be the last word in extravagance. Once more this dining saloon, a purple and gold rotunda, glittered with golden light, and to be seen there drinking champagne appeared to be the ambition of every good citizen "with good capon lined." It was not wicked, it was not amusing, and, one may add, it was not particularly luxurious. For the truth is that luxury, the kind of luxury which Max Reinhardt offered in his "Kammerspiel" theatre, was absent from all these places, just as it was absent completely from the cabaret. If you went, for example, between eleven o'clock and midnight to a Berlin cabaret, and happened to find it not too crowded by people in the kind of black coats one wears at the office, you might obtain a chair, falsely called "easy," in a niche where the inefficient curtains were carefully fastened back; you might drink an insipid Rhine wine, and listen for as long as it should please you to very insipid chansons, some of them rather broad and all of them very stupid. You might perhaps watch ineffective dancing on a stage about four yards square, or even hear rhymed couplets which, if you were well primed with much wine, might occasionally raise a laugh. It was extraordinarily dull and amazingly democratic. You left the

cabaret and possibly went, at three o'clock in the morning, to eat Schnitzel and drink beer or wine in the Winzer-Stube, a chilly restaurant decorated with imitation vine-leaves. Then you went home, feeling, or being expected to feel, that you really had seen "the life of pleasure."

I imagine that this side of Berlin night-life was developed less, in reality, to attract foreigners than to pander to the desire of not very immoral and rather sleepy Berlin suburbanism to share the terribly wicked pleasures which it supposed the idle rich to enjoy nightly. But if some good or evil fortune should have introduced to you one of the gilded youths of Berlin, and you had asked him what was the night-life of Berlin, and in the same breath had talked of the Palais de Danse or the cabaret or the early-morning restaurant, he would have smiled in pity of your ignorance, and, if he had time, might have given you some such record of the Rake's Progress as was set down for me at my request in the spring of this year by one of the best-known roués in the city. The life of the Berlin which foreigners rarely saw was on this manner. I quote from memory, but the original document is still somewhere in my possession. "If one wishes to be really in the swim one must begin one's day between eleven and twelve. There is a little confectioner's shop at the corner of the

Taurentzien-strasse which displays cakes, tartlets, and marzipan. At the back of the shop there is a room which makes no pretensions to elegance or comfort, or even convenience, but it is the thing to appear there between twelve and one and to drink confectioner's sherry and eat cakes. About 1 p.m. one goes home, possibly to lunch, but more probably to borrow sufficient money for the rest of the day's amusement, and perhaps even to sleep for an hour. At three o'clock or thereabouts begins the parade. It was the correct thing at the time of day of which I am writing to appear to be going somewhere, because unemployment was not fashionable ; but that was only the craze of the moment, and the lounge which was fashionable a year ago would probably come back again. It was a good thing to look rather like a lieutenant—not, indeed, because there is any virtue in the military appearance, but because one is more likely to make a pleasant acquaintance for the evening amongst the fair frequenters of the boulevard. About four one took tea or light refreshment with one's companion of the evening, and looked in, it may be, at a private bank between the hours of four and five if there were any chance of raising money. Soon after five begins the storm of the theatre offices, for your companion expects to be taken to a theatre. By

six the tickets should be obtainable, and there remains only the question of an early dinner, taken probably at a hotel or in one of the small and secluded restaurants in the Friedrichstadt. After the theatre, supper perhaps, and then the Tauentzien girl has to be taken home in a taxi, and the life of Berlin may be said to begin. It may open with a salad at the 'Queen's' bar, and will be followed by an hour or two in one of the bars at the top of the Motz-strasse, where actresses and *chansonnettes* of a certain type are pretty sure to be found about two o'clock. Here the expenses of the evening really begin. Just at the moment the proper bar to be seen in is one which for certain reasons is liable at any moment to be closed by the police. If you are lucky you may have an invitation to a midnight garden-party, which isn't a party and has nothing to do with a garden. An hour or so at a gambling club may probably follow. Roulette and chemin de fer will consume as much money as one requires to lose, but about five one returns to the neighbourhood of the Motz-strasse, to one of those bars the curtains of whose windows are always drawn night and day. There is, frankly, very little amusement in them, but they are frequented, this one by so-called 'spiritists,' another by youths whose principal ambition it is to appear abnormally decadent, a third by

young men who like to look old. From the five o'clock bar it is latterly correct to proceed to what is called the 'Früh-bar.' There are not many of them, but they do not open in winter until the dawn, and the real luxury of them is that by the heaviest possible hangings they exclude every atom of outside light, so that for some hours day is turned into night. Towards half-past eight or nine o'clock one possibly takes breakfast at a café and goes home for a few hours' sleep, which I am sure you will consider well deserved."

This precious document was sent to me with the explanation that I must not suppose that the life as here described was either very easy or always even amusing. It was hard work, but you had to go through it if you wanted to be considered "in the swim." I have carefully excluded description given here of the kind of company to be found in most of the bars mentioned, nor can I print the description of the kind of dancing watched by the frequenters of these places of so-called "amusement." Again and again the police have been called in to interfere, usually without effect. Now, the effort which was made to some extent by the police to check the bar-life of Berlin, a city, be it remembered, which ten years earlier had three or four so-called bars where one could

get a whisky-and-soda or a cocktail, was not made because the bar-life was detrimental to the morals of Berlin, but because it became notorious that the all-night life as it was really practised was having a detrimental effect on health. Public morals in Berlin before the war had reached a standard more perverse, I think, than that of any city in Europe ; perversity, not merely laxity, was the keynote of the city. It is impossible to give illustrations in any book intended to be perused by the general public. Yet it is necessary to point out the German attitude to this subject. Professors of psychopathy employed many hours in the study of abnormality ; they have written and published huge treatises, and there arose in recent years in Germany a kind of cartel of professors, lawyers, doctors, and others, who demanded publicly and repeatedly that the laws against abnormality should be repealed on the ground that all such excrescences on the body politic were occasioned, not by defective morality but by a kink in the brain or a congenital defect. Excuses began to be found for nearly every kind of atrocity. Possibly the gravest symptoms available for public observation were the extraordinary scenes at the trials of jealous women who murdered their lovers. One of these trials became so famous that the feminine name Grete, the " Gretchen " of old Germany, became synony-

mous, not with outraged virtue like Goethe's Margarethe, but with a type of perverted jealousy. Courts of law began to find excuses for murder committed, not by a jealous wife, but by a jealous mistress. There were wild scenes of public enthusiasm outside the court when one of these discarded *filles de joie* was acquitted on the murder charge. Nobody seems to have considered that the life which preceded the murder was itself the cause thereof. The public which acclaimed the verdicts was acclaiming simply one victory more over the State and its regulations: and somehow or another the idea was that German justice had been outwitted. It was for those who watched such scenes outside the courts of law an amazing illustration of hero-worship gone mad.

I am, of course, aware that these things can be paralleled in other countries: it was claimed, indeed, by those who protested in vain against these scenes that Berlin and other parts of Germany had become infected by French sentimentalism. Little they knew of France who thus argued, for the French trials with which comparison was made were in almost all cases instances of perhaps rather sloppy, but at all events intensely human sympathy with the weaker in life's race. There was in the enthusiasm of Berlin over the acquittal of a Grete

no sympathy with oppressed womanhood; the result of the trial appeared to the crowd merely a snippet cut off the robe of justice. It was one more loophole through which the sheep gladly crowded.

Berlin had become a picture of materialistic immorality. I am aware, of course, that it claimed to have outdone Paris and Munich and Vienna, but in fact the lax morality of Munich was mainly a *joie de vivre*—"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The unmorality of Bavaria and of the Bavarians generally, mocked year in and year out by that most brilliant German satiric weekly, *Simplicissimus*, was not the immorality of Berlin, where vice had become a business and where pleasure was merely an artifice. It is hardly credible that a city which claims to be the modern representative of old German Kultur should be able to protest against the shortening of its night-life, or the closing of the café, or the abolition of the bar on the ground that this was one of the essential forms of the city's business, an attraction to foreigners, grist to the mill.

Now I turn to a contrast. Whatever may be said (and much was said and written) of the concealed and unpermitted night-life of London before the war, at least it was not a State-aided, police-encouraged, and

officially patronized form of popular recreation. Very few things have been as much abused in England as the English week-end, yet the English week-end has to a very great extent recovered London of her sometime leprosy. Be it noted, therefore, that the State-owned railways of Germany refused either to encourage or even to facilitate Saturday and Sunday trips into the country because they would shorten by so much the working hours of the nation. Some months before the war broke out I went to talk on this subject to the director of passenger traffic of the Prussian State Railways. I asked him in the course of conversation why the German railways only facilitated some kinds of cheap trip : I asked him why there were no week-end-trip tickets, and particularly why the railways apparently made no effort to enable the middle class of Berlin to live out in the country. With considerable difficulty, some agencies and some building societies and landowners have secured facilities for communication with the districts they desired to develop. But the railways, my informant explained, are not there to help develop districts, and they are not there to enable city folk to live in the country. I forget the figures that he gave me, but I know that he worked out (of course, roughly) an estimate of the amount of working hours—that is, of creative

energy—lost to England by her week-end-ticket scheme, and approximately what would be lost in the same way by the adoption of a similar system in Germany.

We come back, as one must invariably come back, to the same point. To this State official it did not in the least matter that the recreation which the middle-class German is forced to take at the week-end consisted of sitting in over-lighted, over-heated, and under-ventilated dancing-halls or restaurants. What did matter was that if he used his night hours for artificial amusement and artificial relief from the daily grind, he could stay at his business on Saturdays until five o'clock. The State profits by the four hours' additional labour of so-and-so many individuals. That the individual suffered, and that he was thrown for recreation into a kind of life wherein he strove to imitate—for this is what it comes to—the vices of a dissolute *jeunesse*, mattered nothing. It may be said, as it can be said with truth, that a very great deal has been done, more especially under the auspices of the Crown Prince and of Prince Henry, to encourage open-air recreation. There were last season many excellent football clubs, particularly regimental: Germans have been prominent in rowing, lawn-tennis, and a number of other sports. But sport in Germany has been

encouraged, not essentially as a cleanly and healthy recreation but as an addition to the hardening process. It had been found, as it was sure to be found, that a man who had served his three years in the army on returning to civil life was little inclined, after a year or two, to severe physical exercise. That was a disadvantage, because many of the ex-soldiers, and, as the present war has shown, even most of them, might be required for service in the field at a later date. With a smirk of satisfaction, the State saw that by encouraging certain kinds of outdoor exercises it might keep its men a little fitter for the hour when it would require their physical endurance. Once again it was not the individual that mattered, but only that indefinite abstraction, the State. English sport in its best sense has been developed on quite other lines. I am reasonably sure that, whatever may be said to the contrary, it is a good deal better to watch—yes, even to watch—flannelled fools at the wicket and muddled oafs at the goal than to work eight hours a day six days a week and spend Saturday and Sunday nights in a glorified dancing-hall disguised to look like a brothel.

Characteristic of this last period of the decadence of Berlin was a change in taste. There was much talk latterly about German art, German literature, German sculpture, and

German architecture, as if these were things really representative of a State virtue or a State character. But no one has so severely criticized the statuary of the Kaiser epoch as the German himself, no one has laughed so much at the ridiculous Hohenzollern "statues" of the Avenue of Victory, although probably a large number of Berliners have really highly appreciated it.

It must be remembered that there has never been a period when the taste of the bulk of the German city public did not run to coarseness. There is in Berlin a permanent museum of the coarseness which followed the victories of 1870. It is called the Passage, and it was once a magnet which attracted foreigners. There is there still on sale a collection of humorous postcards, humorous tobacco-boxes, humorous ash-trays, which are probably as gross as anything permitted by the police anywhere. Berlin has been rather pleased to talk of the Passage as "Rabelaisian," and in a trial some years ago, in which a German of Berlin was accused of sending indecent postcards through the post, the president of the court himself said that on the whole, though some of the postcards exceeded the limit, he did not think they were any worse than many openly sold in the Passage. He observed (I quote from memory): "Germans

have always rather liked the joke laid on thick ; they have a taste for Grobheit. It is the sign of virility." I do not profess to know how far this pseudo-Rabelaisian scatology of the Passage is a survival of an earlier Grobheit, but I do know that in latter years these extraordinarily disgusting jokes in material form have not been circulated with the open coarseness of a Rabelais, but with that sneaking snigger of a man who perfectly well knows that they are coarse, and delights in them for that very reason. German novels in recent years, whilst they have tended more and more to deal pseudo-scientifically with sex problems, have really based their popular appeal to a great extent on suggestiveness. I do not think that any one who has followed with any care the character of popular plays, I mean the presentation even of Shakespearian plays, on the popular German stage will care to deny that suggestiveness has been carried almost to the limit. Even Max Reinhardt's wonderful productions in the Deutsches Theater, despite a purity of stage effect unexampled, I think, in England, have been gross to a degree which would certainly offend, not the hypocritical morality of which Germans accuse England, but the sense of shame which, if I am not mistaken, is one of the most valuable products of English education.

CHAPTER III

GERMAN EDUCATION

ALMOST any work dealing with German education before the war contains a reference to the curious lack of moral training supplied under the German State system. It is clear that in a State where the individual is considered of importance only in his relation to the whole State, or, as it has been put quite recently by Professor Liszt, only as a wheel in a machine, education will not be what the Greeks called *οἰκοδομία*, that is, a constructive process leading to the perfection of the individual character. American educationalists visiting Germany, and expressing, as nearly every one has, their profound appreciation of the thoroughness of the German system, have talked about its democratic character. They have claimed, as have also English critics, that the whole German system from the elementary education upwards provides to a greater degree than that of any other country an equality of opportunity.

It cannot be necessary to repeat here the

facts and figures regarding German education which may be found in any work of reference on modern Germany. In general the picture provided, not entirely without justice, for English students of German institutions has been something of this kind. "Here," it has been said, "is an amazing system, organized and regulated down to its very last details. Here is a system which provides exactly the same thorough education on exactly the same lines and (with the smallest differences) using the same text-book from the Austrian frontier to the North Sea. Here is an education graded from the three Rs up to the highest technical knowledge, and in this all-embracing system there is a place for every kind of intelligence, for every degree of intellectual capacity."

The cheapness of German education, especially in its higher branches, has been the wonder of the world, and people have pointed almost with the finger of scorn at institutions of a less universal type elsewhere. I quote a once well-known criticism on English University education: "It costs a man £100 a year to learn how to tie a white bow and how to carry his drink like a gentleman." Whole screeds have been written, and scarcely a word too much, of the virtues of Germany's technical high schools, of her extraordinary system of continuation schools, country schools, and the like. She has

reduced education not indeed to a fine art but to a model system and with all she has not produced an education which makes a Christian gentleman. The remark of a Prussian (or was he a Bavarian?) officer "between the trenches" quoted in the Press recently is instructive: "It will always be the same. You will always be fools and we shall never be gentlemen." German education, in fact, does not produce what we understand as culture, that is, "clean-handed action resulting from a clean mind and a habit of cleanliness which has become a clean instinct."

I am aware that this is a statement upon which Teutophil hundreds will fall, as upon a prey made ready for the hunter. I shall try to explain it. Equality of opportunity is not, and never has been, the basis of German education. It has not worked out on those lines, and it has not developed a race wherein every man has the fullest opportunities for personal development. For here again, as in all the rest of the public life of Germany, the individual has withered. The German system has not been based (and I use the past tense advisedly, for I believe that it is one of the things which has found its everlasting condemnation in the present war)—has not been based upon the right of the individual to enjoy the opportunity of pushing his head out of the ruck in proportion to his

mental, moral, and intellectual capacity, but *upon the right of the State to extract from each individual the best service to the State of which he is capable*. It does not matter to the State what the individual morality of a citizen may be, provided there is instilled into him just that degree of moral courage which is necessary, to put the thing succinctly, for the massed attack in the T formation.

It is, of course, not to be denied that the German youth is taught to study the Scriptures daily. If his bent lies that way, he will some day devote himself to the Higher Criticism, and will under-score the Epistle General of St. James with a red pencil. Amongst the things which his religious education cannot provide is the Greek triune virtue of *Σωφροσύνη*. He does not understand that best translation of *Σωφροσύνη* in any language in the world, "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." His discipline is the discipline of the barrack-yard, and his morality appears in the guise of the police restriction: the "Thou shalt not" of the Old Covenant. His courage, the courage taught him, is the courage of the crowd, and his virtue is the virtue of the crowd. Now English education is or has been almost exactly the reverse, and it may be that out of this war we shall gain a clearer knowledge of those virtues

which have been inherent in our system and have been denounced because a number of well-meaning people, with less perception than memory and more jealousy of old institutions than genuine appreciation of new, have chosen to consider that no good thing can come out of Oxford and Cambridge.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, and self-control have been taught, however ineffectively, in every public school in Great Britain, at any rate since Arnold went to Rugby, not because the drill-sergeant will look for dull brass buttons or untidy clothes, but because only that kind of self-reverence will serve when there is no crowd to back you. There is a poem on English education, Kipling's famous "If," in which it seems to me he summarizes the ideal results of English *οἰκοδομία*, English character-building. It ends with the sum and substance of the whole matter, "And what is more, you'll be a man, my son." Now hear the German professor on the German system. I quote it from an article of Professor Liszt in the *Vossische*, published about three months after the outbreak of the war: "The only creed Tolstoi had to offer his people was the imperative 'Away from the State.' That is not the German way, for our way is to think highly of the State as the final and most perfect creation of human intellect and activity. To this all must be and is subordinate."

Now if through forty years a nation withdraws from its educational system the ultimate basis of all morality, the responsibility to a Higher Power or (since God made man in His own image) to the God in man, and if that nation substitutes for the Greek principle a platonic obligation to serve the State, it is clear that it will, intentionally or not, throw overboard the Pauline doctrine: "All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient."

The constructive legislation of Prussia and of Imperial Germany has been directed towards the drawing of a narrow path of duty to the State. The way of the machine itself is indeed not so defined, because there is to the German idea no moral law higher than the welfare of the State, and therefore all the seas of good and evil are open to the ship of State if only it reach some wealth-laden harbour. But for the individual, who is not even the wheel in the ship's machinery, but a cog upon a wheel, there is a hard-and-fast line which must be followed. Now what the State system has done for the German—I speak, of course, generally—is this: It has relieved him to a very large extent of responsibility for his own acts: for though ignorance of the law cannot excuse, the non-existence of a coded law is a sufficient excuse.

Now within the most carefully drawn limits of any police-guided system there will be room enough for strange perversities. As a nation grows rich the opportunities for vice increase, and to some extent the police ordinances will be lacking. If the individual, as is the case in Germany, has been taught almost from babyhood that the thing to look for is the police placard "Verboten," there will be in time no other categorical imperative to keep him from the evil.

Let us see in illustrations how this works out in practice. German youths are potential soldiers, but German girls will never appear in the fighting line. Women's work is to the German State view an unfortunately unavoidable evil; it is not in the nature of the State system. Nature made woman, in the German theory, for one purpose, somewhat sarcastically summarized by a Socialist member of the Reichstag as "to give German officers first a dowry and then sons." Feminine education is and always has been a secondary consideration in Germany. It is a pity, in the German view, that it should be necessary, but since some women in the State must take a share in its industrial or agricultural life, the State rather grudgingly gives them an opportunity for doing this undesirable work as efficiently as possible. An educated woman in Germany is still regarded (and I say this in spite of

all the denials which will certainly be poured out by the indignant experts) as a social excrescence, like rich grass on a smooth lawn.

If the effects of this definite placing of women in a certain position in the scheme of State need to be illustrated, they might be seen, I think, most clearly in probably the most vicious as well as the most physically revolting phenomenon of modern Berlin. In the main boulevard of Charlottenburg, the Tauentzien-strasse, between the hours of about three and seven, the pavements, particularly on the south side, were filled daily by a procession of young girls, mostly in their teens, usually extravagantly dressed, and always what the Germans call "auffallend," that is, striking. Their immediate object appeared to those watching to be simply a kind of exhibition of themselves without any trace of either shame or modesty. It has to be made clear that these are not, or were not, *demi-mondaines*: on the contrary, a very large proportion were the daughters of well-to-do Berlin families of the upper middle class. Their behaviour in the streets of Berlin, to anybody with a sense of decency, was nothing less than disgusting. Their purpose seems to have been usually to attract the attention of the gilded youth of Berlin, particularly, of course, of young officers.

Partly, I have no doubt, this extraordinary

phenomenon, which certainly has never had a parallel in any other European capital—for the Corinthian temple-servers, the Alexandrian beauties, and the ladies of the Palais Cardinal in Paris were, after all, of another type—may have been due to the lack of German home-life, lack of opportunities for social recreation, but chiefly due, beyond all doubt, to lack of any sense of self-respect—lack, that is, of moral education.

In another chapter I have presented a record of one day in the life of the gilded youth of Berlin. It will be seen that this procession of the Tauentzien girls falls into its place in this day's amusement, but the point on which it is requisite to insist is that these girls, who were a characteristic of Charlottenburg before the war, were not the over-worked and under-paid slaves of the great stores, nor yet girls whose home-life was for the most part under the shadow of domestic poverty. They were the daughters of men occupying positions well paid according to the scale of middle-class Berlin; they were girls over-ripe according to the State system of Germany. Many people have claimed that they represented a reaction from the old German system of feminine repression: that they take their place in the history of the emancipation of womanhood. This is, I think,

all untrue. They did represent a revolt or a reaction, but it was against a State system which allowed no differentiation of opportunity. Sheared with even scissors, level and uninteresting as the trees in the Thiergarten, offering no opportunities, no interests, no certain individualist purpose, so may life have appeared under the iron sky of Prussia.

There was, of course, another feature in addition to the lack of moral character-building in the German education system which tended to make Berlin essentially a non-moral city, and that is the lateness at which the life of the German family began. Once more I would refer to the text-books on modern Germany, where any careful sketch of German higher education would show at what a late date German professional men have been enabled to found families of their own. The results appear almost always disastrous, and judging from characteristically meticulous examinations of this question by German professors in recent years, it would seem that Germans themselves have doubted whether this apparently inevitable result of the German system was altogether an advantage.

CHAPTER IV

THE GERMAN PRESS

For the first time in her history Great Britain has now had experience of the meaning of a Press censorship. The public has learned to know at first hand some of those fine distinctions which had first puzzled, then amused them, and finally left them entirely cold. These nice distinctions have been the daily troubles of foreign newspaper correspondents for many years, and their efforts to differentiate between "official" and "unofficial," between "semi-official" and "inspired" and "well-informed," may have puzzled English newspaper readers or merely annoyed them. Now they know at first hand what these things mean. They have the reports of an "Eye-witness" who is not a newspaper correspondent and yet writes exclusively for the newspapers, and who is not unofficial and yet may not be described as official, whose words have almost the weight of a despatch from Headquarters and yet whose observations might, if necessary, and would, if convenient, be corrected

and denied the day after publication in the London Press.

With this kind of eye-witness in the political battlefield, British newspaper correspondents on the Continent, and more especially in Germany, have had to deal through many a weary year. And worse still: the political "eye-witness" has never been so termed. His observations have appeared sometimes in the form of a communication to the *Cologne Gazette* (which, so far as it has a political standpoint of its own at all, might be compared roughly to the *Manchester Guardian*). These communications have sometimes been distinguished by a star, sometimes they have merely been given the imprimatur of the regular Berlin representative of the paper, and sometimes they have appeared simply as a leading article of the paper in question. If they were quoted as semi-official and the consequence became disagreeable, the *Cologne Gazette* was promptly instructed to declare that they were the uninspired production either of its own editorial staff or its Berlin correspondent, and that they had nothing in the world to do with the German Government.

A little experience, however, and a little acquaintance with the style of the German Press Bureau, generally enabled a correspondent who was not too simple-minded to detect

the cloven hoof in newspapers where his earliest instructions would teach him to look for it. Then there were, of course, certain newspapers, foremost amongst them the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* or *North German Gazette*, which was openly and admittedly the organ of the German Foreign Office Press Bureau. (The distinction between the Foreign Office and the Foreign Office Press Bureau is itself, or was itself, not without importance. The industrious if hot-tempered Herr Hammann downstairs in the Press Bureau was not always in agreement with his more cautious colleagues upstairs.) Latterly it had become the custom for the sake of simplicity to describe the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* as an "official" organ. If it adopted and reprinted in its weekly survey quotations from other newspapers, these were generally presumed, and usually correctly, to have received the approval and even at times to bear the stamp of officialdom. Yet in point of fact even this newspaper (which, be it noted, could by no possibility have prolonged its existence except as an official paper, for it had no other attraction of any kind) was only admittedly official in the case of certain statements under a heading "Political Daily Report," which appeared at the head of its first column. It has before now been known to print or reprint without comment leading

articles dealing with phases of domestic policy which have been accepted by the German Press as official and have been denounced on the following day by the Government as wholly uninspired.

And thirdly, there was a whole host of little country papers, as well as some of the more important popular prints in the capital, which were in the habit of receiving and adopting suggestions either from the Press Bureau or from one of the departments of State. Some of them, whose relations to official sources were extremely doubtful, had a knack of printing communications in the curious literary style of the Press Bureau, and a few papers, of which the most notorious were the so-called *Country Gazette* for the two Mecklenburgs and the *Brunswick Country Gazette*, made quite a reputation by simply not denying official inspiration for some of their communications, although in point of fact they would have been hard put to it to prove the official source of their inspiration.

There was, of course, another large series of newspapers published locally, and subsisting almost entirely on the advertisement patronage of the local functionaries and bureaucratic officials. These were notoriously merely agents of the local officials; they dared not call their souls their own, and if they ventured upon occasions to make a suggestion or

to publish a leading article in some way reflecting the public opinion of the districts in which they circulated without that opinion having received Government or official approval, the advertisements might be withdrawn suddenly and the newspaper sink in one week into insignificance and in a few weeks into the Shades.

Amidst this jungle of trickery and perversion a newspaper correspondent, endeavouring to discover either what the Government actually believed or what it desired the public to think it believed, had to find his way. There were traps at almost every step he took; there were cross-paths and jungle-ways, and if he came through without more or less painful blunders he might be accounted fortunate. I will give an illustration. Just after Lord Haldane's negotiations in Berlin had come more or less to an end, and not long after Herr von Kiderlen Wacchter had informed me that negotiations regarding colonial questions had been resumed, I was called up on the telephone one evening about 8.30 and invited to take a message from the Foreign Office. My informant claimed to be a Geheimrath X—, whose name I dimly remembered. He gave me a piece of extremely interesting information regarding a supposed agreement which had been reached in relation to a definite exchange of concessions in

Africa. It appeared probable, and I even wrote out a telegram before it occurred to me that recently such communications by telephone had been uncommon, and even at a time when they were comparatively frequent they had always involved simply a request to call at the Press Bureau. So I went down to the Foreign Office and sought an "upstairs" official. He speedily demonstrated that the message was a "fake," though, in point of fact, the "concessions" in question were or had been under discussion. Of course, the telegram did not go, but I do not know to this day whether a German colleague tried to trap me or whether the message was actually a *ballon-d'essai* from somebody in touch with the Foreign Office. I invited the telephone authorities to make investigations, but never heard any more of the matter.

But the trickery and wilful deception of the Government organs was not all that one had to face. There were certain newspapers which received accurate and timely information of forthcoming events of considerable importance owing to their connection with or maintenance by large industrial or other concerns. There were, for example, two little Berlin sheets, *Die Post* and the *Neueste Nachrichten*, which were more or less notoriously maintained and supported by Krupp's establish-

ment at Essen. It not unnaturally happened that at their disposal was placed on occasions certain of the information which Krupp's agents obtained or which the Government itself communicated in advance to the great armaments firm. The Krupp trial showed that the methods obtaining amongst Krupp's agents were not always of the cleanest, but the information which from time to time was allowed to appear in the columns of the two newspapers had usually an accurate official origin. It was not merely an inspired juggling with words, and it was even usually a bald statement of definite facts, given no prominence of headlines and concealed either in the middle of a leading article or amongst ill-printed news of the day.

Die Post was the first newspaper in Germany to publish the news in January 1913 that the huge war tax of £50,000,000 was to be raised immediately for naval and military purposes; it announced with considerable accuracy the purposes of defence and offence to which the money was to be devoted. It was, of course, perfectly clear that this information must have come through Krupp's firm. On the same evening, at about ten o'clock at night, the Prussian War Office (not, be it noted, the General Staff) issued a fairly straightforward denial, asserting that it knew nothing about the

proposed increase in the army or the other matters discussed by *Die Post*. That denial was not repeated, as, of course, it could not be, and yet certain English people whose knowledge of the Rhineland may have been extensive, but whose acquaintance with the ways of German journalism must have been exceedingly small, leaped with hands and feet upon those who instantly forwarded the information to London. They expressed themselves as particularly furious at the bare suggestion that the denial of the War Office could not be taken *au pied de la lettre*. In point of fact, those who knew the ways of German papers were more amused even than disgusted when these ingenious pacifists were denouncing the bare suggestion that a despicable little Jingo rag with the miserable circulation of *Die Post* should be in a position to enunciate such grave tidings. Here was a very powerful illustration of the jungle in which the feet of the observer might be snared. Those public protestants of January 1913 now know that *Die Post* was right and they were wrong. That lesson at least is no longer to learn.

There is one other forcible illustration of that German method of employing the Press which the war may have made more obvious. British readers have been told not infrequently of the attempts of German Ambassadors, the German Foreign Office, and the German

Press Bureau to capture newspapers, to buy the services of editors in German interests, and even when necessary to provide the funds for the continuance of a news agency. Possibly, and even probably, the majority of English readers hearing of these things have been either doubtful as to whether these under-hand methods were really so widely practised, or, if so, whether they have been rightly understood ; if they had any such doubts, they must now be removed, for there are records now of facts not even denied by the German Government. There is the attempt, to take only one illustration, of Baron Von der Bussche to buy the Roumanian papers or to prevent the appearance of papers not appearing under the ægis of German approval, and there have been similar patent attempts in other neutral countries ; that which has been done openly in war has also been practised secretly in peace.

Since the summer of 1907 numerous attempts have been made by the German Government through chosen agents to establish a system of cosmopolitan news agencies in German interests. The first of these, established, if I remember rightly, in the autumn of 1907 under the auspices of a few German bankers, but with the obvious support of the German Government, deteriorated rapidly into a mere "Correspondenz," a system of mail letters from various

countries, chiefly China and South America, to which, after a few experiments, even the popular Press of Germany paid no attention. There was another experiment, I think in 1910 or 1911, in which again a certain amount of capital provided by the German banks was concerned, but this experiment was never even set actively on foot. There have been other attempts to establish a world's news service solely in German interests—one of them was capitalized to the extent of something like £100,000, but it also failed eventually to materialize. The last and most vigorous attempt of this kind was made early in the spring of 1914: an account of it has been given in a despatch from his Majesty's Ambassador in Berlin, published amongst the Foreign Office pamphlets, where the details may be read. It should be added that those details were sent by the majority of the English newspaper correspondents to London some months before the outbreak of war, and, in point of fact, details of this last Press preparation for war (for it was nothing else) on the part of the German Government will be found in the columns of English newspapers printed in China and Japan and elsewhere as early as the middle of March.

I have said that this was a Press preparation for war. It claimed, it is true, to be merely an attempt to secure reasonable treatment for German news in the Press of coun-

tries where Germany had large commercial interests, and the first details of the scheme were published by a paper called the *German Export Review*. Fortunately, the warnings given to people at a distance who might have been tricked were heeded, and the scheme was a fiasco from the outset, although the incidents of the German Press campaign during the war have shown that so far as possible the ground had been very carefully prepared.

There has, of course, existed in addition to these attempts for many years one great official German news agency, the Wolff Bureau, with whose name English readers since the war have become sufficiently familiar. The history of this agency is not without interest. It began rather more than fifty years ago in the form of an agreement to supply news items to a few papers, but it did not flourish, and in 1865 the proprietor and founder, a certain Dr. Wolff, wrote to the King of Prussia to ask for support. He received in return an official letter from King William, dated March 4, 1865, and this letter has acted as a kind of charter. Its effect has been to give the agency until recent years almost a monopoly in the supply not only of foreign news, but also of official news to the German Press, and in some cases this has also been developed into a virtual monopoly of the supply of official German news to foreign newspapers, since, by agreement, cer-

tain forms of news, such as the reports of important speeches in Parliament, or especially speeches by the Kaiser, could usually be sent by the Wolff Bureau to the headquarters of foreign news agencies connected with it on terms of mutual assistance. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that those agreements disappeared automatically on the outbreak of war.

It has only been in comparatively recent years that the popular German papers with a large circulation have been able to maintain independent correspondents in foreign capitals, and the official character attaching to the Wolff despatches has given them exceptional weight. One of the alterations which the war will doubtless make in the news service of English newspapers is that in future despatches received by agreement with agencies of the Wolff type will be issued definitely as the product of those agencies, who must take responsibility for them.

The importance of the Press to the Government has never been overlooked in the last fifty years, but the German Government, obsessed with the tradition of the old Prussian Literary Bureau, which was nothing but an organization for bribing papers to print communications written at the instigation of the Government, has not understood how completely the notorious "editing" of news to suit the purposes of the Govern-

ment has deprived the communications of that Government of all standing in a world which is "indifferent honest" after all. Some years ago Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, who later became Ambassador in London, observed in a famous Prussian trial that "it is impossible to conduct foreign policy without the Press, and without relations to the Press it is impossible for a Foreign Secretary to exist." That sentence in the mouths of English Parliamentarians or of an English Foreign Secretary, uttered at a dinner of the Institute of Journalists or at a Guildhall function, would no doubt have been received with considerable applause, but it would have been interpreted as it was meant, namely, that the Press, after all, has an important function to fulfil. That is not what Baron Marschall von Bieberstein meant. What he meant and what he explained was that it was impossible for German diplomacy to work without that "reptile" Press system, those methods of indirect corruption with which the German Press Bureau has always been so familiar, and which formed a tradition of the Prussian Foreign Office.

It will be clear that upon the outbreak of war the German Press ceased to be representative in any sense of the real feeling amongst the population of Germany. With the exception of a few Socialist and ultra-Radical newspapers, it

was no longer possible to be sure that any statement of fact or feeling, however apparently harmless, was not intended by some official instigator to produce some wholly false impression upon the minds either of neutral or enemy readers. It was to be expected that the system of bluff and deception which had characterized German Governmental use of the Press in peace times would be even more thoroughly exploited in time of war. The powers placed under the martial law proclamation in the hands of the officers commanding the several districts of internal Germany were absolute. Papers could be and have been suppressed for no better reason than that "their further appearance is not necessary either for literary purposes or for the supply of news to the public." (That was the actual explanation given to an East Prussian newspaper, which was not only not Socialist, but was even supposedly at least a Conservative organ.) Socialist papers here, there, and everywhere were suppressed freely, or placed under the severest possible censure. It will be left for those writing in after-days the history of the Great War to discover, if they can, to how great an extent the German domestic Press was employed to throw sand in the eyes of neutral countries: in any case, it is not conceivable that the system of complicated inspiration already in existence should not have been employed to the uttermost.

CHAPTER V.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

AMONGST the most dangerous assumptions to which the British reading public, or at any rate some part of it, has apparently fallen victim in the course of the war is the view that German life in the form in which we have seen it is so far crystallized that it is actually not capable of returning to simpler forms or of abandoning many of the excrescences of the forty years of peace. I have tried to show in preceding chapters to what an extent luxury and extravagance, more particularly in Berlin, but to some extent also even in the smaller towns, in holiday resorts, and so forth, is a product of comparatively recent years.

The matter has an importance other than that of mere historic observation. A people which had hardly yet lost the comparative simplicity of manners and mode of life which characterized the preceding generation would find it easier to return, if the demand should come, to a less luxurious standard of life

and to harder living than could be required of a nation which had longer been accustomed to a more extravagant standard. Even when Berlin had become a city devoted to extravagance of all kinds, the country villages outside were still simple to a degree which could certainly not be found as close to any large English town.

There is, however, another feature especially of German domestic life to which at this time it is necessary to call attention. Berlin was once called "The City of Substitutes." It was one of the earliest cities to popularize imitation jewellery; by which I do not mean merely cheap glass fairings, but also or chiefly synthetic stones, low standard gold, and cheap settings. It was to be expected in a country that invented synthetic indigo that it would also invent substitutes for other expensive products and that in time of war the inventive genius which had been encouraged in time of peace would come to its own. To how great an extent this will prove to have been the case subsequent historians must be left to investigate; but it may be worth while to note that the exercise of inventive genius by the civilian population is zealously encouraged by the German Government. It is described in a circular of the General Staff as a "patriotic work," and inventors are assured that all suggestions will receive a careful examination and

scrutiny. About four thousand inventions were registered for patents in Germany in the first six months of war.

The people themselves, however, have traditions of substitutes which in wartime may well prove invaluable, and it must be remembered that there has always been a class or classes of the population who have kept up the use of these substitutes in times of scarcity. There was one example whereof any visitor to Berlin might have had experience in any autumn. In the public parks of Berlin there are a considerable number of small oak-trees, and when the acorns began to fall schoolchildren, armed with little white canvas-bags, might be seen infringing the police laws which forbid treading on the grass and gathering these acorns under the very eyes of the park guardians. Although they were almost always cleanly and neatly clad, the child-harvesters belonged to poorer families in the north and east of the town. They were supplied with police permissions, and the acorns they gathered were not intended to feed pigs, but to be roasted and used to eke out their parents' coffee. It is true that the acorn coffee was rarely used in peace times entirely to replace the genuine bean, but it was used to supplement it, and when war broke out the poorer families who had retained the knowledge of the use of

acorns as coffee reverted to it and dispensed with the real coffee-bean altogether.

There were, of course, already in existence and on sale numbers of cheap substitutes for coffee, widely advertised and usually claiming to possess some medical or physiological superiority. Kathreiners Malz Kaffee, or Malt Coffee, was one of the favourite forms, though by no means the least expensive. During last summer there were several exhibitions dealing with food products, and each of these exhibitions included a large number of stalls presenting gratis small quantities of numerous substitutes. At the biggest of all these exhibitions, which included specimen meals for festive occasions, cooked by the chefs of the leading Berlin hotels, there were also stalls devoted to the exhibition of cheap meals for small households. One of the stalls displayed, for example, a kind of coffee sold at about 4d. a pound. I bought a pound of it, and took it home to test it. When used like coffee and cooked by an ordinary German cook it was not very palatable; but a day or two later I went back to the stall and discovered that it should be made in some special way with sugar in the water, and with a much less quantity than I had supposed. It was then quite drinkable, especially with milk, and I was told that it was

originally invented in Silesia, where it had been used for some years.

Vegetable butter and vegetable cheeses were, of course, common enough at all times, the chief feature being that all these substitutes, even when Germany was at the height of her prosperity, found a ready sale amongst a class of the population for whose corresponding class in England the best seemed to some observers hardly good enough.

It follows that in the pinch of war there would not only be these substitutes, but numbers of others half-forgotten, upon which the population would fall back without any very great sense of loss. I find it difficult, for example, to imagine that when the war duty upon tea was imposed in this country people in Wiltshire or other villages of England had at their disposal the knowledge of those herb-teas which a century ago, or perhaps less, were in common village use. Doubtless they were very largely medical, but twenty years ago I knew at least one old woman who used nettle tea in much the same way as the poor of Berlin used acorn coffee.

It has to be added that the German Government has for many years realized that upon the outbreak of war severe frugality would have to be practised. The Kaiser's repeated warnings in many of his speeches have not been

mere humbug, and it should be noted that those who have preached frugality most strenuously have been the agrarian leaders, who were directly in touch with the Government and knew for what purpose the warnings were given. When Prince von Bülow was discussing in the Reichstag a project for raising £25,000,000 fresh revenue annually, he said that everybody in Germany must retrench. A Socialist member, referring to the Kaiser's well-known love of pageantry, called out, "Do you mean everybody?" Instantly the Chancellor, understanding the allusion, retorted, "I except nobody."

The Kaiser has endeavoured for many years past to see that frugality should be encouraged by the example of the smartest people in the country, and the finest Guards regiment in the army gave an example of frugality in its mess up to the very last. At one time there was a kind of competition amongst the regiments of the army for entertaining the Kaiser at the most extravagantly simple meals that could be devised. The Emperor had given it to be understood that he disapproved of long dinners and expensive French champagne, so the regimental officers set to work to consider how they could combine apparent simplicity with extreme expensiveness. There is a story of the Kaiser at the house of one of his Guard officers which illustrates the

point, and which is said to have put an end to this competition. It was about the middle of a December when the Kaiser went to dine with the titled officer. He was given only four courses—an apparently simple soup, a fish, some meat, and a vegetable. He expressed his delight at the simplicity of the meal, and observed that that was what he liked to see. Thereupon his host took a sheet of paper and showed him what the meal had actually cost. I forget the details, but I know that the soup was the product either of elephants' hoofs or some equally "far-fetched" product, the fish came from Southern Italy, having been brought over specially in ice, which had to be renewed en route, and the vegetable was some strange exotic, fresh, and presumably grown at immense expense under glass. It is said that at the next dinner with the Corps of Guards the Kaiser delivered a lecture on true simplicity. I have quoted the story because it is characteristic of many which circulated in Berlin.

It is true, then, that extravagance, as we have seen, had increased rapidly, and even dangerously, in Germany; but it must be remembered that it was not of long standing. Mr. Sidney Whitman records of the victor of Sedan: "The bread at the table of Field-Marshal Moltke was the Commisbrod eaten by the common

soldier. A bottle of light Moselle wine did endless duty at table, it being quite an exceptional favour if a younger member of the family participated in a glass. In fact, long after the crowning mercies of 1870, which brought Moltke such a handsome donation, the scale of living in his family was such that it was not an impossible contingency to rise hungry from dinner."

There is another feature in this same connection which is not without interest. It has been repeatedly stated that German families in the last ten years had become obsessed with what is called the restaurant habit. A decade ago, or little more, middle-class families dined at home, but by degrees there arose the habit of letting the single maid-of-all-work go out from mid-day on Sunday until midnight, or even later. Latterly the German Hausfrau had abandoned the habit of cooking the family meal with her own hands. The maid-of-all-work now did it for her, and, rather than stay at home and cook on Sunday, the Hausfrau made her husband take herself and the family to a restaurant. It is true that the glitter and chatter of the restaurant was an attraction after the stuffy and overfurnished rooms of an average middle-class household; but the frugality which had characterized the German home had not altogether disappeared, and the restaurant dinner

on Sunday was wont to be a much cheaper meal than its name might suggest.

Some years ago, when writing on this subject for the authors of "Our German Cousins," I collected specimens of some restaurant dinners, and I will quote one of them here, taken from the Motif House, which has now vanished. A Sunday dinner at this restaurant, served at the price of one shilling and including bread *ad lib.*, consisted of lobster soup, turbot, salad, ox tongue in aspic, and ice-pudding.

These midday luncheons could be obtained at almost any price, from 5½d. upwards. At the latter price, a year before the war, you could still obtain a thick soup, a kind of boiled-out beef with mustard sauce, some bottled fruit, and a piece of indifferent cheese. At the same restaurant eight years ago you would also have obtained a small glass of beer for the money: but whilst the inclusive price of the meal had remained the same the market price of its ingredients had considerably increased, hence the beer disappeared.

It should not be forgotten that in general the Berlin maid-of-all-work, who was almost always a better servant and usually a better cook than the "specialists," had inherited from her country home, and sometimes from the simple household where she began her service,

a tradition of frugality. Reading the reports from German papers, since the war broke out, of warnings by professors and officials of all kinds against extravagance in the kitchen, English readers may have been led to suppose that Germans, particularly in middle-class households, had lost this frugal husbandry or housewifery. Yet I would venture to assert that there is more waste in middle-class houses in England than ever was the case in Germany. I read somewhere recently a warning to English cooks as to their wasteful use of vegetables, and I was rather surprised to be told that they had adopted an extravagant continental method of cooking the vegetables with the meat. That is scarcely an accurate suggestion. It is true that German cooks frequently prepare the vegetables with the meat, simply because by this means none of the goodness of the meat or vegetables is wasted: the water in which vegetables are boiled is used for soups, the stockpot being virtually unknown. Meat serves a double turn; it is first used for a soup and then served in a rather washed-out condition as a second course, with some such flavouring as mustard sauce or horse-radish sauce or red cabbage. I very much doubt whether it would be any longer possible, except in a sheer state of semi-starvation, to persuade many English households, or at any rate many English cooks,

to adopt the frugal methods which are second nature to many German maids-of-all-work.

I had no intention when I began this chapter of drawing invidious comparisons, but I do feel that there may be a necessity for warning English readers against the assumption that because more and more frugal methods are being adopted in Germany therefore there will be immediately a revolt against this enforced change of life, or that therefore German economic life is *in extremis*.

This may be as good a point as any other at which to warn English readers that the economic precautions of the German Government are taken to a large extent in advance of any urgent necessity. It is easier to talk about starving Germany out than to carry such a measure into execution. The German Government has, it is true, practically confiscated the wheat supply; and whilst I was writing this chapter I learned that food cereals were to be virtually nationalized and distributed on a *per capita* basis, a measure which has been loudly demanded by the Socialist and a part of the industrial Press; but it would be a mistake to suppose that this implies a present grave shortage of bread-stuffs. What it does mean is that the Government has looked ahead and has seen the probability that there will be such a shortage after the next harvest, even if that harvest should prove

average good. If the harvest proves wholly or partly a failure, any supplies of foodstuffs that can be held over by the strictest economy now will then be worth far more than their weight in gold. It is characteristic of these precautionary measures that large tracts of country planted with young trees under the careful afforestation scheme of the Department of Woods and Forests are now being cleared again and are to be sown with wheat. These things point clearly enough to the real object of the corn-saving schemes of the Government and to the period of economic exhaustion which the German Government really has in mind.

Almost the same is true of copper. To talk of exhausting German copper supplies (though the deprivation of foreign supplies will no doubt have its effect sooner or later) is at present dangerous self-deception. Germany possesses very large supplies of copper, not indeed in the raw state, but in the form of electrical plant, copper-wire, copper utensils, and a thousand other forms. After I had written this chapter in its original form I learned through the columns of the daily Press that there was to be a copper collection throughout Germany on the lines of the gold hunt which had proved so valuable to the Imperial Bank.

With these warnings one may pass perhaps to a more general description of German domesticity in the closing years of what will doubtless be called the Kaiser Epoch. To a great extent the pleasantness of social intercourse in public places, at any rate at the end of the period under review, had been destroyed by the social predominance of the military class. I am not now to inquire why the authorities, from the Kaiser downwards, so insisted upon the social importance of the military uniform. There were doubtless many reasons. It was desired, of course, to popularize the army as a profession for the sons of gentlemen, in view of the obvious fact that a great European war would in its comparatively early stages produce a shortage of officers. Then, too, there was the fact that the payment of officers could neither be very high nor indeed sufficient to enable them to found families of their own, so that some recompense had to be found in the shape of social prestige, not only for the officers themselves, but for the wives who should bring them acceptable dowries.

But it was not merely deliberate encouragement of the social domination of the military caste which caused the militarization of German society. There was also the fact that the Germans of all classes have acquired a really

marvellous reverence for rank and title, and more especially for those titles which received annual recognition in the great round-up on the Kaiser's birthday. How deeply indeed this reverence for titles and the desire to obtain them had sunk into the German character is illustrated in curious fashion by a protest sent to the Imperial Government during the war. On the occasion of the Jubilee of his reign the Kaiser established a new titular decoration—*Geheimer Studienrat*—an untranslatable dignity provided chiefly for schoolmen, teachers, and professors of the Philological Course at the Universities. In 1913 and 1914 a good many professors and schoolmasters received decorations. In the latter year the *Geheimer Studienräte* were particularly numerous, but when on January 8, 1915, the official list of the new birthday honours was issued it was found that no professors had been decorated. There was an outcry immediately, and a leading Conservative newspaper observed: "It is true that at such a time as this nobody's thoughts are likely to be set upon honours and decorations, but since so many teachers and professors are serving their country on the field of honour, the omission of all distinctions for schoolmen has created a feeling of ill-will extending far beyond scholastic circles." It strikes the foreign observer as somewhat extraordinary that the

leading Jingo paper should in the sixth month of the war be able to find room for the discussion of such a matter: it is an illustration, however, of the importance attached by Germans of all grades to decorations. The fact is that the decoration of some kind had ceased to be a distinction of an unusual sort. It had become a kind of social promotion, which not to obtain was in some sense a disgrace. Failure to obtain some honour sooner or later had the same moral effect as failure to obtain promotion at school manifestly had upon German schoolboys. The matter is one now of small importance, except that it illustrates and explains that extraordinary shower of iron crosses which has caused in England so much amusement.

The militarization of German life took a form latterly which in some measure illustrates German methods at war. There had arisen in the most unexpected cases a strange obedience to the letter of the law and to a rather intangible and ill-defined code called *Vorschrift*. Whilst writing the chapter in "Our German Cousins" to which I have already referred, I gave some illustrations of *Vorschrift* as applied to the restaurant. They were quoted from a communciation sent by a German to the *Cologne Gazette*, and, though they are no doubt sufficiently ludicrous, as an illustration of what had become

a feature of German life and conduct, they may perhaps be repeated.

“At one of these restaurants I wanted to take the table d’hôte,” wrote the correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*. “As a second course, I ordered spinach. ‘As joint?’ asked the waiter. Horrible visions of vegetarian tortures rose before me; but out of curiosity I said, ‘Yes.’ What did they bring? Just ordinary spinach. ‘What do you mean by calling that “joint”?’ I asked. It took some time to discover that in the head of the waiter the first course of that particular menu was called fish, and the second was called joint, and it made not the least difference whatever whether the joint took the shape of roast mutton, roast potatoes, or boiled spinach.”

The same writer continues:—

“One of the most characteristic features of this militarism in restaurants is that of the division between beer and wine restaurants. It is an old German principle” (the writer might have called it a universal principle) “that the restaurateur who refuses to serve his guests with anything that can by any means be procured in the neighbourhood is a bad restaurateur. At a certain restaurant in Berlin, well known and at one time very popular, I asked one day for a glass of beer. The waiter said, ‘You can’t have beer unless you have had wine first.’ I

said, 'But I had beer here quite lately.' The waiter replied, 'Yes; but the gentleman sitting next to you had drunk wine then, so you could have beer.' Well, I happened to know the manager very well, and ultimately I got my beer; but in order to show that his restaurant was not a 'beer restaurant' the manager put an empty claret-bottle by the side of my plate."

This writer believes that the gradual decay of the old German restaurant is due mainly to the guests themselves. He says:—

"Many of the middle class live from week-end to week-end in great privation in order now and again to be able to 'enjoy' this horrible carouse." And then, of course, they accept as belonging to the conditions of polite society the "Vorschriften"—that is, the regulations of the head waiter, which have taken the place of the honourable old "custom of the house." As an illustration the writer quotes one final example of restaurant red tape. Late one night he had, with a friend, been attending a birthday festival, at which the gorgeousness of the reception was scarcely in keeping with the sparing character of the banquet. To make up for their privations earlier in the evening they entered a restaurant and ordered a bottle of champagne. But before drinking they wanted something to eat. The champagne was obtained easily enough,

but they could get no food. "The kitchen is shut," said the waiter. "Well, open it again," said the guest. "There must be cold food." "I am sorry," said the waiter, "but the regulations forbid it." "But you have just this minute brought hot food to that gentleman over there." "Yes," said the waiter; "but that food was ordered at the regulation time." "I was so angry," adds the writer, "that with my guest I went out to the nearest Aschinger and bought a packet of sandwiches. I returned to the restaurant, and said to the waiter: 'If you had any ordinary intelligence, you would have fetched these sandwiches yourself.' To which the waiter replied, in an excess of humanity: 'I should have been delighted to do it; but the *Vorschrift* forbids it.'"

One other amusing instance of *Vorschrift* in trade life may be worth quoting. Some years ago a friend came out from England in search of old German mahogany furniture suitable for an old-fashioned house which she had just taken in Chelsea. We took her to some of the furniture cellars in North Berlin where the heavy furniture of old German houses before the Flat Epoch is usually to be found, and we discovered one of those magnificent specimens of carved mahogany sofas with heavy panels and splendid carved

headrests which were once common. The springs were of course all to pieces, so we took the sofa to a practical upholsterer in the neighbourhood of the cellar-of-discovery and pointed out to him exactly what was to be done with it. The seat was to be made low, it was to slope backwards towards the back of the sofa and to receive a slight additional padding to catch the knees. My friend made an excellent sketch in profile to explain what she wanted. The upholsterer declared that he fully understood and would do what was wanted. About a fortnight later we went to see the restored sofa; we found that the back had been carefully covered so as to conceal the beautiful woodwork, the seat had been raised until nobody not possessing exceptionally long legs could have sat in it to his comfort, and the springs had been carefully arranged to form an intolerable ridge all along the middle of the seat. We stormed and abused the upholsterer soundly. Then we produced the sketch, made him fetch out his own written instructions, and told him that the work would have to be done all over again. He replied with placid indifference to our abuse, "You cannot insist on my altering it, because I have fitted up that sofa *according to Vorschrift*." Again, this is a trivial illustration, but it may help to show how this extraordinary idea of *Vorschrift* runs through all German life.

It is to this *Vorschrift* that the *Morning Post* correspondent in Petrograd has referred on several occasions in his dispatches regarding Von Hindenburg's plan of campaign in the East. In point of fact, however, there may have been some little tendency to underestimate the capacity of the best German leaders for adapting themselves to circumstances ; but as this chapter is by no means intended to include a military disquisition the matter may be passed.

Obedience to *Vorschrift* is, or was, in effect, the excess of a virtue. The German has been accustomed in almost all phases of his life not merely to consider how a thing can be done but how it ought to be done, and if the rules governing such-and-such a function are not ready to hand he will seek them ; for written instructions in particular he has a great reverence when they are those of an officially recognized master of the trade. It is curious to contrast this attitude with the attitude of the German merchant in a foreign country ; nor am I able to explain why the same firm which would take particular care to produce just exactly what the most inexperienced native of a foreign country might happen to desire or be accustomed to, would decline positively to be dictated to by some private customer in Germany.

There were, of course, plenty of exceptions, but they were generally amongst journeymen or employees of master workmen, and not amongst the masters themselves. German cabinet-makers in particular have had an extraordinary knack for carrying out badly or inadequately sketched ideas and in perceiving what was the idea which their customer was striving to express. It would not be surprising if after this war is over competent observers should be able to record numerous instances amongst German non-commissioned officers of intelligence in the carrying out of mutilated orders.

There is one other feature of German public domesticity to which so many references have been made that it seems to call for some notice. It is the matter of German drunkenness. The question will arise later in connection with the discussion of German atrocities in the field, and something has already been said regarding the consumption of spirits in the chapter on the night-life of Berlin. It has been argued *ad nauseam* by Prohibitionists in this country that the German, though he spoils his figure by consuming enormous quantities of light beer, does not become intoxicated thereby. To a great extent this is no doubt true, and it may be admitted that at any time one would see in the poorer districts of German towns fewer drunken

people than in the streets of an English city. Yet, apart from the increasing consumption of spirits amongst the gilded youth, and apart from the increase in the number of bars, there was a widespread consumption of Schnaps even amongst the poorer classes of the population. A vivid light was thrown upon the Schnaps habit in the course of the investigation of that remarkable epidemic which broke out some winters back amongst the inhabitants of the German shelters for the destitute. It was proved that, failing to beg, borrow, or steal the means to buy ordinary spirit, these wrecks of humanity had taken to buying and drinking denaturized spirit of various kinds and poison of all sorts. Judicial proceedings did indeed bring to punishment some of the retailers of poison in the neighbourhood of the refuges, but it never became clear where much of this villainous spirit was kept and could be purchased. Some light was also thrown on the Schnaps habit in the course of the campaign waged by the Socialist party some years ago against the Schnaps-Baronen—that is, the wealthy landlords who were supposed to encourage the consumption of potato spirit, corn brandy, and other agricultural spirituous products for the benefit of their own bank balances and to the detriment of the public health. The campaign was clearly political, and its effects were not

of long duration ; but during the height of it the consumption of spirits in Germany sank to an extent which could not have been believed. The campaign did at least prove that the Schnaps habit was almost universal amongst the working classes of Germany. It follows that the temptation offered by well-filled wine-cellar and spirit stores in Belgium and Northern France did not fall altogether upon men unaccustomed to the pleasures of the frequent nip.

Some years ago, at the invitation of Pastor Von Bodelschwingh, I visited a number of the homes and hospitals established under his auspices for drunkards, and although there were, especially in his out-of-door labour colonies, instances enough of officers and men in good social position who had fallen through drink and were now trying to recover health and happiness in the garb of a labourer with axe and hoe and fork, yet by far the greater number of those undergoing that remarkable treatment were drawn from the labouring and artisan classes.

German life, and especially Berlin life, in recent years presents other curious parallels to incidents reported during the war. I shall be content to record one of these. Some years ago a great stir was occasioned in middle-class Berlin by the circumstances of a trial under

the law regarding the serving of impure food, in connection with a well-known holiday restaurant on the great lake at the head of the Havel. This restaurant was a favourite resort of Berliners, yachtsmen, rowing men, and more particularly of German families, who frequented it on Sundays in summer. It did a very large trade, and the proprietor was very prosperous. Then it changed hands and was taken over by a proprietress who was in great haste to become as rich as her predecessor. By degrees certain unpleasant rumours began to spread concerning the restaurant, and finally, owing to the reports given to the police by a waiter or waitress, proceedings were taken against the proprietress. The evidence showed that for the cooking of the food she had taken water from a canal running near her establishment, and had not even filtered it before using, though grosser impurities, such as dead fish, frogs' spawn, and weeds, had indeed been removed by hand. The pails in which the water had to be fetched were also used for scrubbing the floors. The tablecloths, crockery, knives, forks, etc., and even the kitchen cloths were boiled in a large cauldron which was also used for the cooking of soup. At the price of 3d. a glass the worthy hostess dispensed to the thirsty children of holiday-makers milk which was found to contain traces of mice. On

one occasion a mouse was actually found drowned in the milk. It was taken out, and the proprietress endeavoured to persuade her staff to use the milk for their own coffee. When these very naturally refused, she observed: "Well, it won't be wasted, anyhow; it will do for the Berliners; they will drink anything."

That little incident may be compared with an incident of wartime which I translate herewith from the *Vorwärts* of January 12, 1915: "The highest officials in Saxony have recently sent a communication to the Press strongly reproving the irresponsible greed of persons manufacturing or selling goods intended as presents for the front or to serve other military purposes. A particularly gross case of this kind has recently come before a Saxon court of justice. In the dock were a millowner and a corn-chandler accused of offences against the food laws. It was shown that a wholesale baker had an order to deliver daily large quantities of bread for Russian prisoners at Königsbrück. He put himself accordingly into touch with the corn-dealer and flour merchant. The latter promised to provide very cheap flour and the miller in the dock had agreed to deliver it. The evidence on oath of the miller's foreman and an apprentice, who had taken the matter to the police, showed that the

delivery of flour, amounting to about ten tons, was in a disgusting condition. Amongst the rye there was found a large quantity of the threshing refuse and all sorts of dirt, as well as chaff, charlock-seeds, and buckwheat. Two experts stated upon oath that a large number of dead insects, worms, mites, maggots, and other putrid material, were found in the flour, which had no nutritive value and was dangerous to health. The agricultural experts declared that the material could not even have been used for feeding animals. The miller stated that the flour-dealer, when he ordered the supplies, said to him, 'The meal cannot be black enough, for these Russians will eat anything.' Naturally the miller and the flour-dealer were punished, but fines of £25 and £5 respectively do not appear too harsh a punishment."

Quite recently two curious features of the frugality campaign have been noted in the English Press, one of which, at any rate, throws a certain light on a development which was to be observed in the years preceding the war. It has recently been reported by the German papers that the difficulty found by the Government and the administrative and executive officials in persuading the people to exercise great carefulness in the use of food has been occasioned less by the unwillingness of the upper middle classes or

of the country gentry or even of the village population, whose standard of living was already not very high, than by the opposition of the lower middle class and of some kinds of wage-earners, in particular domestic servants. Now the change in the situation and demands of domestic servants in Germany has been one of the most striking features of the improvement of the standard of living in recent years. Ten years ago a German servant, more especially a maid-of-all-work, was content to go to market with a shawl on her head and in plain but serviceable clothing. Within a decade that had all altered—the shawl was discarded and the maid-of-all-work, with a salary of from 25s. to a maximum of £2 a month, would not infrequently spend a month's salary on a hat. Moreover, her demands have become much more exorbitant. At the beginning of the period under review the free Sunday afternoon and evening was the limit of her demand: latterly she required a free afternoon and evening in addition at least on one weekday in a fortnight, and often once a week. She had become much more particular as regards her food—once a potato soup and some meat with the inevitable stewed fruit at midday sufficed her, and in the evening she was content with bread and butter, possibly with the addition of a few slices of cold sausage. Latterly she demanded a hot meal

also at night. She eschewed the original rye bread, and demanded her hot Knippels, or little crisp loaves, for breakfast. I do not pretend that there was any justification for denying them to her, for no one has a greater admiration than the writer for the amount of work which the German "general" succeeded in getting through, but the point is that when the family itself found it necessary to retrench, the German servant felt that she was being imposed upon if she were asked to follow suit. During January an English newspaper quoted from a Berlin gazette some of the kind of complaints which were rife in German households.

"I see that madam does not need a cook," observed one Berlin domestic, "for there is hardly anything cooked at all nowadays."

So she gave notice, probably on the 15th of the month, and left a fortnight later. Another servant complained because once or twice a week the family, in obedience to the demands of officialdom, went without meat altogether, contenting themselves, and expecting their servants to be content, with a vegetable soup and a rice-pudding. "I can't get a full meal on this stuff," said the servant. "I am going to the butcher to buy myself some sausage."

This kind of complaint was to be heard sufficiently frequently in the years before the

war. A servant who ten years ago was content to sleep in the kind of hanging attic or loft described elsewhere, to live on vegetables, with meat occasionally as a luxury, and who kept a dark and dusty flat spotlessly clean, got up at six and went to bed Heaven knows when, had suddenly found that life was intolerable unless there was a servant's lift, a large and airy bedroom, with central heating, writing-table, and other comforts, and had also discovered that the boiling of water for washing-up was an intolerable imposition which she could not suffer. Doubtless these were all comforts to which, when they could be supplied, she had a fair claim, but the difficulty arose when it became absolutely necessary to save electricity in the kitchen by burning gas, to be careful in the use of hot water in order to save heating materials, and to economize meat by reverting to the vegetable diet of anti-Imperial days. The wrench was too severe, and from all parts of Germany, not only from Berlin but also from little country towns and University centres, there came bitter complaints that under the new conditions servants preferred to go home.

It is, of course, true that in England, too, efforts to economize during the war have found opposition or difficulty in the kitchen. Possibly if one could review the Press, more especially the local

Press, one would find that the complaints have been scarcely less frequent in England than in Germany. There is, however, a difference. Despite the alterations in the character and status of the English domestic, produced partly by the increased demand for domestic servants and partly by the decreased responsibility of the employer (I mean the decreased sense of personal responsibility occasioned inevitably by the introduction of compulsory insurance), there still remained, and remains, in England a large class of domestic servants who link their fortunes, so far as they are able, with those of their employers. Since the war broke out I have received on several occasions pathetic illustrations of this attachment in good times or bad, stories of employees who have refused good offers of other service in order to share the ill-fortunes, as they shared the good, of the households where they had been engaged. I do not doubt that similar instances might be found in Germany, and indeed during January there were presented by the Kaiserin twenty-five medals for long and faithful domestic service; yet no one who has maintained a household for any length of time in Germany and was then compelled to return to England on the outbreak of war would, I imagine, deny that there was almost immediately a sense of relief to the

mistress of his household in the idea that now at last she would again be able to employ English servants.

It shall be admitted that whereas there has grown up in England in the course of centuries a professional class of domestic servants, and with it a certain public estimation of domestic service as of a highly honourable state of life, hallowed not only by mere antiquity but also by a long tradition and by the public esteem of generations, this has not been so in Germany. Most books dealing with the home-life of Germany since the war of 1870 call attention to the fact that more and more the German Hausfrau has become the *Dame*. Her duties have become very much more representative; her social obligations have been extended, and even where she might well have retained that tradition of personal attention to her own home which was the feature of pre-Imperial days, she has not done so because there stepped in the virtue and vice of emulation. The social obligations of ladies in the ranks of life just above, if they did not exist for the middle-class Hausfrau, had to be invented, and there arose that huge round of obligations whereof one of the most characteristic was the absurd system of New Year calls, originally merely a diplomatic function, but degraded at one time into an iron rule, the breach

of which might easily render a whole family "pariah."

There are evidences that the stress of war conditions has caused, and is causing, very many German middle-class families to revert to the pre-Imperial tradition : but the facility wherewith the change was effected is in inverse proportion to the social standing of the family affected or of the class under observation. Thus whilst in South Germany there are records in the German Press of the families living in some of those squat châteaux which are such a picturesque feature of the beautiful hills of Franconia, showing that from prosperity they have passed almost without apparent effort to the complete simplicity of days when travelling was dangerous and arduous and the product of field and garden had to supply the table, it is also recorded that the German domestics have been the first to raise an outcry against inevitable restrictions. It is not necessary to investigate the reasons, for they are universal, and do not apply only to Germany. Education, mentality, and the quickness to appreciate change of circumstances, ability to understand, to see life steadily and see it whole, are amongst the qualities which most readily facilitate such adaptability ; but adaptability is not, as has been noted, a German virtue. Hence there arises the curious contrast

emphasized in the newspaper reports: a country which, as we saw at the beginning of this chapter, has been accustomed in peace-time to make-shifts and substitutes, a people with the finest tradition of frugality in Europe, nevertheless at the moment of stress begins to kick against the pricks. Dangerous though it may be to prophesy, I think that the tradition will revive partly because the Government compels it. It is not very likely that, except perhaps at the last hour, that darkest hour which will no doubt precede the dawn of peace, there will be any outward appearance of widespread and organized social discontent. In a subsequent chapter I have endeavoured to explain why the official and governing classes are so set upon the dissemination of the Psalm of Hate, and it may be unnecessary in this place to say more than that adaptation to the altered circumstances of a city enclosed by the enemy may perhaps be facilitated by the turning of the thoughts of the nation in hatred towards "the country of shopkeepers," whose defence of the rights of neutral States has occasioned for Germany this sudden change in her standards of life and comfort.

CHAPTER VI

CONTINENTALISM

OF the relations between Germany and her neighbours as they appeared to the man-in-the-street, or rather the man-in-the-café, it is difficult to write except in generalities, and these are apt to be misleading. If in England the "noble profession" of diplomacy has appeared somewhat of an esoteric mystery—*non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum*—it has been more, not less so in Germany, partly because in foreign politics Germany has retained the Bismarckian tradition of sudden, secret diplomatic action, without retaining the spirit which inspired it or the shrewdness which characterized it, but partly also because in this, as in so many other spheres of human life and activity, the German compartment system was accepted complacently by the general people. The profession of diplomacy appeared, and was, despite all disappointments, as rigidly confined to its graduates as that of the lawyer or the doctor. The argument of the uninitiated was simply: "If the experts cannot do

any better, is it likely that amateurs would?" That sedative consideration was subconsciously administered to himself pretty frequently by the German in moments when he was disposed to doubt the wisdom of German diplomacy.

There was one fact, however, which has been repeatedly noticed and occasionally commented upon in dispatches to newspapers, namely, that before the war the "average British citizen," such as the young City men or the like whom one might meet on the "9 a.m. up" from Croydon, or the country farmers who drove into Salisbury and were to be heard talking at the "Red Lion" ordinary on market-days, appeared to lack, or to have lost, what Germans of the corresponding position still possessed, namely, the Continental Habit of Mind—what I have called "continentalism." I remember one conversation overheard in London in a third-class carriage of a suburban train, somewhere about the summer of 1905, which seemed illustrative of this insularity. I had just returned from Metz via Berlin, where there was at the moment a good deal of discussion (not only in the newspapers) of the western frontier. A banker's clerk with whom I had chatted in Berlin had talked with a good deal of information about curious little out-of-the-way places in the Eifel hills, about passes in the Vosges and so forth. He appeared to

know the names (though he could never manage the titles) of our leading statesmen : he was interested in the ultimate matrimonial fate of the girl who was to be some day Grand Duchess of Luxemburg, and he was a complete encyclopædia of misinformation about Hungary, where a few years before many intelligent Germans had seriously believed Prince Eitel would some day reign as king. (The venerable story has reappeared quite recently.) In short, he was very much interested and very much informed (though also largely misinformed) about all sorts of places in and out of Europe. Then, as afore-said, I came to London, and on my first suburban trip was condemned by the breast-high partition to overhear a conversation between two young clerks and a slightly younger clerk. One of them had been to Paris on a three-day trip, and was lost in admiration of the "gay city." He was fluent concerning "Mong Martyr" and "Olimp" and the "lines and lines of lights." He described with some accuracy the chaos of discarded newspapers on the "bullyvards," and then lapsed into vague suggestions. I knew that he was trying to hint at the wickedness of Paris, its amazingly insouciant immorality ; and I also knew that his "experience" was second-hand, and that of "gay Paree" he had actually seen nothing. He knew nothing of the spring sunshine by the river, and

of the joy of being outrageously swindled by the purveyors of second-hand literature. But he presently explained that he thought "every one ought to go to Paris once in his life." He was not quite sure how that dictum would be accepted, and was fairly evidently relieved when his fellow-clerk observed: "Yes, I dessay you're right. I think I shall save up and go this year." Whereupon the youth observed: "I shall save up, too, and go with you." "Oh, I don't know," said the elder, with a wink in his very voice, "I don't know whether we should quite want you to be with us all the time perhaps." There was a world of unimagined wickedness in the tone of his voice, suggesting knowledge of things undreamed of save in the pages of those ancient English chroniclers who first used Asia Minor for the basis of their romances.

Those three clerks have stuck in my memory, and particularly the elder, who, through a mist of undigested romanticism, was feeling his way back to a lost inheritance of Englishmen, the Continental Habit of Mind. I am well aware that there are innumerable explanations of the difference between the mental attitude towards foreign countries of the German and the Englishman before 1914. Education in geography may have something to do with it, though I doubt it, since, for my part, I received an extremely care-

ful, but also extremely misleading, geographical teaching, and have forgotten, or hope I have forgotten, nearly everything that I have not since learned for myself. One week on a cycle is far, far better than ten years of text-books. Then there is, of course, the contiguity of frontiers. Clearly the German, whose country may be invaded without warning at any hour by people who have only to step across an artificial frontier-line, is more likely to realize the "otherlandliness" of his neighbours. That is but to say that the Englishman has been insulated by his existence on an island, and that the electricity of the continental habit has not been able to pass the silver streak. But I have a vague idea that in the days of our great continental wars of old, at any time almost from Crecy to Waterloo, the comparatively small population of England, being leavened by a seasoning of men who had fought somewhere on the Continent, took a keener interest in affairs across the Channel. The travellers' and soldiers' tales, however ludicrous and exaggerated, told in the village inn or at the tavern in the town, were heeded and welcomed because romance was not obtainable in shilling editions and drapers' reprints. It may be inexpedient to pursue the point farther. All that I would note is that the German had, or appeared to have, a certain general interest in all foreign

countries, and therefore a certain interest in European politics and diplomacy, which the Englishman, up to the outbreak of war, had certainly lost. I am quite certain that even amongst the least-informed Germans the war, when it came, was less of a shock than it was to some London editors, whose supposed business it was to be forewarned. The "Foreign Editor" has returned, I believe, for half a century to his own: if the reading public in Britain has really been aroused at last, it will demand that its newspapers shall watch and be able to inform it accurately upon events across the seas.

Foreign affairs will henceforth have an importance, even to the general public, apart from their daily value as news-matter, and one may hope that "trouble in the Balkans" will appear of slightly more importance than a dog-fight in the next street. I do not mean to say that every German before the war displayed an intelligent appreciation of or interest in "foreign politics." I remember an innkeeper of Eberswalde, a town about an hour from Berlin, who told me that he had once seen the sea, and noticed only that "it was very dirty and stank of dead fish." He may be catalogued in the gallery of curiosities with a Wiltshire goodwife who told me years ago that her son had "gone foreign" because he had taken up his dwelling-place in

a little town beyond the Jacob's Ladder which bounded the village horizon to the south.

But in general there was a much quicker appreciation of possible international complications amongst the great mass of the Germans: it was perhaps to be expected in a country whose principal Labour newspaper had no hesitation in inserting Greek quotations in its leading articles and in taking it for granted that the quotation would be understood. (I have noted elsewhere that the *Vorwärts* was a very remarkable newspaper: I think perhaps the most remarkable in Europe at the time.) I find it difficult to imagine, for example, that the German who carried briquets up to my kitchen in Berlin could have asked the question once put to me by a coalheaver who carried coals up to a flat I once inhabited for a short time in Battersea: "I suppose now, sir, these Germans we 'ears about are something like us, ain't they? Same kind o' colour an' that?"

Whatever, then, may have been the causes, there seemed to be a much larger proportion of Germans who took a more or less intelligent interest in the relationship of their country to foreign countries than was the case in England. They were more easily impressed by arguments about them, readier, on the whole, to believe

good or evil of them, and, believing, to respond at the proper moment to influences from official quarters impelling them in one direction or the other.

I do not suppose, however, that the majority of German newspaper-readers or lecture-audiences were better able to formulate for themselves theories of international relationship. They were a fallow field, well manured and fertile, ready for the sowing of a crop. At this hour the harvest is being reaped. There has been for many years a certain Machiavellian section of the German sowers who have tried to sow a certain kind of crop and to prepare the ground for a certain kind of harvest. I think on the whole, however, that that has not been the method adopted by the Government, whose policy has been a good deal more opportunist. If one should review, for example, the history of the German Navy League, it would be seen that at certain periods the League has gone farther than its official protectors have desired, and sometimes snubs have been administered. The German Government desired to rouse German interest in the sea and in countries overseas: they did not desire that that interest should be exploited in advance in any one direction: they wanted, in fact, a ground prepared to produce any particular crop that opportunist policy might require.

Hence the most notorious firebrands, such as General von Liebert, have at times received smart reproof, usually through South German channels, but always, as the event showed ultimately, from the wirepullers in Berlin. It must not be forgotten that German diplomacy has worked with some consistency on a definite plan. In the event of windows being broken, it desired to appear to have been unfortunately unable to control an irresistible tide of popular feeling, or, alternatively, to have exhibited prodigious virtue in chaining up the natural outbursts of popular passion. At the time of the Russo-Japanese War this method was employed with some success. The German Government, in its dealings with Petrograd, not only claimed to have exercised a "benevolent neutrality," but to have done so in defiance of popular sentiment. Actually the feeling of the man-in-the-street in Berlin was certainly pro-Japanese at the time: the Press was mildly benevolent towards Russia, whilst the Government tried to claim a right to gratitude from both sides. The popular opposition to Russia represented the tendency of any fertile ground to grow a crop of some kind if not sown with a crop of a definite kind. It is perhaps doubtful whether German Junkerdom ten years ago felt quite sure which way it might be necessary to guide the popular bent. There were

Conservative papers deliberately inspiring hatred of Russia, whilst the *Hamburger Nachrichten* was vociferously demanding a continuation of Bismarck's policy of "reinsurance." Meantime popular "interest" was, at any rate, being kept up.

Of the German attitude towards England sufficient will be said or suggested in the following section, nor does it appear necessary to inquire closely into the attitude of the German man-in-the-street towards France. In conversations with middle-class Germans, as well as with farmers and others not belonging to the so-called intellectual class, it has usually been my experience to find them impressed with the conviction that sooner or later there would be another forcible settlement with the western neighbour. Even at times when the question of the lost provinces has sunk into the background of public discussion, Germans generally seem to have been left with the conviction that they could not remain in unquestioned possession of Alsace and Lorraine. As a matter of fact, an officer of the garrison of Deuze (not far from Metz) told me once that men drafted to the French frontier were commonly informed by their non-commissioned officers that there across the frontier was the enemy they would some day have to fight. There is reason to believe that a similar "instruc-

tion " was not given on the eastern frontier. But whilst amongst the eastern residential population the tradition of the terrible Cossack still survived, and thus might serve to maintain, even amongst people who had neither the time nor the inclination to trouble their heads with general discussions of racial opposition, the feeling that sooner or later a collision with Russia was inevitable, there was a definite and fairly widespread conviction in all parts of Germany that a collision with France was inevitable for vague political reasons. So far as I was able to trace the feeling of Germans of the class I have tried to suggest, they appeared rather to believe that the collision with France would be caused by German aggression, that is, by what their teachers and task-masters would have called a preventive war. On the other hand, their feeling about Russia was usually that from that quarter attack might be expected, as it were, whilst they slept; and I think that the hints which were dropped by members of the Reichstag Commission, to whom were given in secret session the reasons for the great war tax of 1913, fell upon very fruitful soil. It was suggested, rather than openly stated, that the German Government possessed knowledge of great and increasing military preparations on the part of Russia, and although it was not asserted even in the Press comments that

these preparations could have or must have an aggressive character, the people who had long believed that the first invasion of Germany would come from the East had no difficulty in drawing the necessary conclusions from the hints that were given to them. And yet I have never discovered, except amongst intellectuals and a few newspaper editors, anything resembling a genuine dislike of Russia or of Russians. The *Tageblatt* of Berlin, under the auspices of its extremely Russophobic editor, Theodor Wolff, has maintained for years an anti-Russian campaign. Even long after the word had gone forth that England and England alone was the real enemy of Germany, he continued and continues to maintain that the real enemy, who must be crushed and disarmed for a century, is in the East. So far, however, as the German newspapers indicate, it would appear that the seed thrown broadcast by this agent has not fallen upon fertile ground.

It has often been stated that the more two nations know of each other the less likely they are to come into collision. Circumstances appear to point to the probability that this favourite doctrine of peace societies may have to be modified. Scarcely any country has been so fully represented in Germany as Russia. Russian rich and poor travellers and students for years formed the largest contingent of visitors to the large

German cities and University towns, and if those tradesmen who once lived to capture the rouble have recently turned their attention to the netting of the almighty dollar, it yet remains true that, so far as communication went, Russia and Germany should have known more of each other almost than did France and England. It has been argued that when communications between England and France became much cheaper, and when it became comparatively easy for the less well-to-do Englishmen and Frenchmen to spend their holidays, afoot or awheel, each in the other's country, and when middle-class families were able to transport themselves for summer holidays to little French bathing-places, the old antipathy between the two peoples began rapidly to disappear.

If this argument were justified, how comes it, one might ask, that the hatred of England, which has taken root throughout Germany, and was apparently ready to burst into blossom when the soft winds and the sunshine of official approval were passed upon it, could exist, notwithstanding the fact that Germans claimed, and not altogether without reason, that they knew more of the English country than did the English themselves? It is of course true that the Anglo-German visits, so far as they were not officially inspired and paid for by public subscription, were

somewhat one-sided. It was never easy, for example, for the middle-class Englishman, armed with a few five-pound notes and a bicycle, to take a holiday in Germany, as he could in Northern France. Getting there was expensive, unless he knew the very few cheap transport routes, and these usually landed him in Hamburg, many weary miles from any part of Germany that he really wanted to visit.

I doubt, however, whether increasing facilities would have much altered the relations between the two countries. Some years ago I went to discuss the matter with a Prussian railway authority, and suggested that instead of making it more expensive to reach the Rhine, the Moselle, the Black Forest and so forth, from England, as they were about to do, they should, on the contrary, take special pains to cheapen the means especially of holiday communication. I was met with a rather blank refusal, and the argument that "holiday communications corrupt good manners." As a matter of fact, it will probably be found true in the main that whilst facilities of intercourse and communication may rapidly popularize an already existing *entente*, they can neither initiate it nor do much to impress its desirability *a priori* upon the nations concerned.

At the basis of all international miscompre-

hensions to which the world has been subjected by German agency has been the great and leading failure of the Germans to put themselves in the other person's position and to understand his point of view. No one who has come into a business, so to speak, on the middle floor and rapidly advanced to a leading position without having gone through the burden and heat of the lower floors, will fail to understand the imperative necessity, if life is to be tolerable at all, for trying to understand the point of view of those who are now his equals or inferiors, and who were sometime either his superiors or complete strangers, and of endeavouring, so far as is humanly possible, to avoid treading on their toes. The German has never succeeded, either individually or in the mass, in appreciating that oldest and wisest rule of civilized life. Pushed by rapid development and a civilization which had penetrated but little way below the skin into the forefront of the nations, the German was not content to make good his standing, but clamoured ever for more sunlight, for more elbow-room, until the nations that were his fellows were driven by his sheer obstinacy and insults to revolt against his insolence. That has been the profoundest of all the German mistakes, and it was one fully shared by the individual German, so far as I have known him.

SECTION II

GERMANY DURING THE WAR

INTRODUCTORY

I HAVE been trying since the war commenced to trace the features of German conduct which have occasioned most surprise in England. I do not, of course, know how far British diplomacy may have been taken by surprise, but it would appear that the following are amongst the features of German war-making which have most astonished a large number of English newspaper readers at home :—

1. The insolence wherewith Germany not only disregarded her own obligations with regard to Belgium, but also apparently expected that Britain would do the same.

2. The curious assumption on the part of the Kaiser, and indeed of most German publicists as well, that God must be on the German side.

3. German inhumanity and bestiality in the provinces overrun by her troops.

4. The concentration of German hate against Great Britain.

With the possible exception of the latter, I think that explanations, or at least antitypical

symbols of these features, are to be found in the Germany which existed prior to the war ; but since the latter is perhaps hardest to understand, or at any rate to find an explanation of, I will try to deal with it first. If toes are trodden upon in the process, an unreserved apology is herewith offered, so far as they may be British toes. As has already been suggested at the outset, the conclusions are only offered as personal ideas which have been indefinitely present in the writer's mind, and are by no means all of a date subsequent to the war.

CHAPTER VII

THE PSALM OF HATE

“Ueberhaupt ist es mit dem National-Hass ein eigen Ding. Auf den untersten Stufen der Kultur werden Sie ihn immer am stärksten und heftigsten finden.”—GOETHE.

“National Hatred is a peculiar thing : you will always find it strongest and most violent on the lowest rungs of the Ladder of Civilization.”

ONE of the first Germans to inform me that the attitude of England was not in doubt was the manager of a Berlin news agency with whom I had for many years been on terms of friendship. “Sie sind unser Feind,” he observed, when I went down to his office on the evening before general mobilization had been ordered. “I hope not,” I replied, but he insisted that I was his enemy. He told me that he could not give me the information in his possession. (He was then, as he had been for years, in close touch with the Foreign Office, that is, with the inner shrine thereof, and not merely with the Press Bureau, to which all journalists had access.) I said that

in that case it was useless to discuss the situation. Whereupon he laughed, held out his hand, and said, "Don't take it so seriously. Even if the worst comes to the worst, we'll hope to meet after the war." His brother, who is a shareholder and also a manager of the stock exchange branch of the news agency, then came in, and observed that he ought really to be going for me with a bayonet, "but friends will remain friends when we have done fighting." That was on Friday evening. On Tuesday about noon I rang up my acquaintance to give him some account of the scene at the opening of the war session of the Reichstag in the White Hall of the palace, to which he had apparently sent no representative. At this time at least two representatives of the Press were aware, as I now realize, that war with England was inevitable. (The Chancellor made his statement that German troops had probably already crossed the Belgian frontier about an hour later.) Herr Guenther Thomas, some time representative of the *New York Staats Zeitung*, and now, I believe, Berlin representative of a Chicago paper, a German, and a relation by marriage of Count Posadowsky, was one, and the other was Dr. Paul Goldmann, the Berlin correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. Their marked coldness surprised me when I met them in the hall of the Palace,

and I remember that Dr. Goldmann whispered to Herr Thomas, "Is it true?" But my acquaintance of the news agency, who was certainly as well informed, thanked me for my message, and said, laughing, "You are our enemy, as I told you, but ring me up if you want a Reichstag report."

I have quoted these trivial personal details for one reason, namely, that on Tuesday afternoon I had no good reason to suspect that even if war came Germans who knew English residents well would turn upon them as they did. I ought, perhaps, to have been warned by the attitude of my two sometime colleagues on the Foreign Press Association. On the other hand, Mr. Thomas has always been characterized by intense hostility to England and affection for the Junker aspect of things in general. I might add that I was in communication by telephone on Tuesday with other Germans who were equally friendly: that was some hours after the statement in the Reichstag which made war with England inevitable to anybody who knew the circumstances. Yet at 7 p.m. on Tuesday evening, when the *Berliner Tageblatt* announced by special edition that Great Britain had broken off diplomatic relations, the first people to attack myself and others of my colleagues were people who had known us intimately for years, knew all about

us, and could by no possibility have shared the sudden craze of the mob which found a spy in everybody. Herr Kretschmar, the manager of the Hotel Adlon, had acknowledged repeatedly his indebtedness and that of his hotel to the recommendations of English and American newspaper correspondents. We had been his personal guests a few nights before at an hour when we were more anxious to go to bed than to talk, and the Hotel Adlon was about the last place where we could have expected to meet with hostility. Yet Herr Kretschmar was, so far as we could learn, the first to put the police detectives on our track: employés of the Hotel Adlon were amongst the first to try to use violence against us, and Herr Kretschmar himself was the first to attempt the arrest on his own responsibility of my friend and colleague Mr. H. W. Nevinson, whose only fault was that he was acquainted with myself and Mr. F. W. Wile, the representative of the *Daily Mail* and *New York Times*, who had been well known in the hotel ever since the laying of its foundation-stone, and who was the first to be arrested in the Hotel Adlon and to be dragged to a police-station. I am aware that Herr Kretschmar has since protested against the assumption that he was in any way responsible, but the evidence of my own eyes and ears and that of my colleagues is too definite

to be outweighed by the remorse which no doubt resulted from a calmer review of their action by the hotel authorities concerned.

Moreover, during the evening of Wednesday, August 5th, that is, twenty-four hours after the original outburst, and at a time when the Herren Adlon, father and son, were, I understand, expressing their profound regret for the incidents in their hotel, the domestic staff of the hotel, scullions, bar-tender, and others, were taking it in turns to signal insults and threats from a back window of the hotel to a number of Englishwomen who had taken refuge in a back room of the British Embassy which was overlooked by the hotel window aforesaid. One or two of the ladies in question were very much alarmed by threats (signalled by the shaking of burning wooden torches) to set fire to the Embassy. These threats, I repeat, though they were, of course, merely the childish buffoonery of unlicked cubs, were the work of the hotel staff.

Intoxication, physical and mental, may possibly have had something to do with the affair, but I have come to the conclusion that the sudden outbreak of the fury against Englishmen was arranged and ordered by the authorities through *agents provocateurs*. The subsequent history of the campaign of hatred against

this country only confirms this opinion. I believe it is artificial in its origin, and yet there is some reason to fear it may survive the war, even if Germany is well beaten. (A "drawn game" or a "stale-mate" or a half victory might ensure the continuance of the hatred in its most venomous form.) It would certainly survive a war which should end in anything approximating to a stale-mate.

There undoubtedly were a number of English-people who at the outset of the war found themselves on the whole not badly treated: thus there is doubtless no reason to discredit the authenticity of the following letter from the English chaplain at Dresden, which was published in the *Volkszeitung* of Cologne (the Rhenish Socialist organ) on November 2nd:—

DRESDEN,
October 24.

DEAR SIR,—

May I ask you for an explanation of the information I received from the Home Office, which grants me permission to leave Germany for England via Bentheim, but at the same time forbids me to return to Germany?

I gathered information from Dr. Heindl, one of the directors of the Dresden Police, regarding my return, and found that I am con-

sidered to be anti-German. I cannot let the opportunity pass without assuring you that I have no enmity whatever towards the country, in which I spent twenty-three happy years. I have no cause of enmity, least of all in this unhappy crisis. Even when war broke out no case came to my knowledge in which any of my countrymen had any cause for complaint against the public in general and the authorities in particular. British nationals were politely treated by the officials, who did their best to save us from all unnecessary inconvenience. In Dresden, as well as in all other places, all Englishmen, even those fit for service, enjoyed perfect freedom. [The writer's information regarding the treatment of British nationals was evidently very defective.] I have no reason for entertaining anti-German opinions. . . . I hope I am not mistaken in the surmise that the words "not to return to Germany" are only meant for the duration of the war.

It is fairly evident that the writer of the above letter had not been informed of the treatment accorded by the officials and the public to His Majesty's diplomatic and consular officials throughout Germany.

But it seems to be true that, wherever the stimulus of patriotism was not formally applied,

a considerable proportion of English-people escaped open insult and ill-treatment.

During the same month (November) a certain number of English-people over military age finally managed to leave Bad Nauheim and certain other German health resorts where they happened to be at the outset of war. From one of those who returned from Bad Nauheim I learned that whilst many of the inhabitants of Nauheim did their best to help the English in their unpleasant predicament by offering to lend them money, etc., the proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Herr Jeschke, a son-in-law of Herr Lorenz Adlon, who owns the gargantuan Berlin caravanserai, behaved as badly as he could. Now the Grand Hotel at Bad Nauheim was built to attract English and Americans, and exists entirely thanks to their patronage.

I confess that it appears to me difficult to understand why the proprietors of just those establishments with most reason to be grateful for English patronage should have behaved on the whole worst. Carlsbad is a fairly notorious instance in Austria and Munich in South Germany, though there is reason to believe that a certain citizen of a neutral Power, notorious for running with the hare and hunting with the hounds, was indirectly responsible for a good deal of the discomfort suffered by English people in Munich. He is reported since to have

been smartly rapped over the fingers by his own Government, so I omit his name and title.

It would appear, then, that the early outbreak of hatred against England was to a large extent artificial. Doubtless it has been accentuated since by deliberate untruths regarding the treatment of Germans in this country, untruths very carefully bolstered up in Government publications and by public statements of German public men. It is also quite possible that the German Government, knowing to what an extent it had covered the whole world with its own spies, imagined that just as no German living abroad was likely to be rejected if he offered his services as a spy (unless he wanted extravagant pay), so no Englishman living in Germany could properly be regarded as other than a spy. But the people who accused newspaper correspondents in Berlin of espionage were persons who knew personally and professionally that they were nothing of the sort. The accusation against the writer, so far as I was able to ascertain during the so-called police inquiry, was laid by a taxi-driver employed by the Hotel Adlon and by a colonel in the German Army who lived in the opposite flat on the same floor in Charlottenburg, a titled officer with whom my family had been on terms of acquaintance and who knew not only my standing but also that I represented

no hostility to Germany at the time. I have no doubt whatever that other English-people who were maltreated in Germany could similarly adduce instances wherein their principal persecutors were those with whom they had lived on terms of friendship, or at any rate intimate acquaintance.

The rabid fury of the Berlin mob on the night of August 4th is partly to be accounted for on the ground of mental inebriety. It must be remembered that for over a week the officials had openly tolerated, not to say inspired, scenes of supposed war enthusiasm which it is difficult to describe without appearing to exaggerate grossly. Frenzy rather than enthusiasm might perhaps be the correct description. From the moment when war between Austria and Servia became inevitable, Berlin was thronged afternoon, evening, and night, day after day for ten days, by wildly cheering mobs. In contrast to the severely repressive measures which such demonstrations would have called forth from the police under any other circumstances, the demonstrators were distinctly encouraged by the authorities responsible for the peace of the capital. I myself saw officers in uniform (though, of course, not of the higher grades) preceding bands of youths who paraded the streets waving flags and shouting themselves hoarse in honour of an allied nation

which had set itself the task of destroying a small and apparently defenceless nation. This was the same mob which years before had passed through the streets of the capital to denounce England's action against the rebellious South African republics.

When on the Tuesday evening after the ultimatum to Servia the Socialists of Berlin arranged crowded but unimpressive and unenthusiastic protests against war in general, though, so far as I could gather from the speeches, not specifically against this war, the police authorities of Berlin encouraged, if they did not actually inspire, vigorous counter-demonstrations of recruits, assisted by the rag-tag and bob-tail of the capital; there was only a good-humoured smile from the protectors of law and order when at the crossing of the Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden some of those same Moabit roughs, against whom the police pistols and sabres had been used so short a time before, made an effort to establish a regular street battle with the half-hearted Socialist groups.

Just at this corner, opposite the Victoria Café, as I passed in a taxi with some colleagues after attending some of the Socialist meetings, there appeared to threaten what in other times would have been designated as "grober Unfug," that is, a breach of the peace. A police

lieutenant with a squad of laughing mounted police turned to us as we called out some question, and said, "Ah, these fellows will get their bellyful from our young men," by which he meant the officially recognized war demonstrators.

After a week of this kind of excessive mafficking there followed that sudden pause which was one of the most striking features of the Friday and Saturday preceding the issue of the general order for mobilization. Not even the inspired frenzy of the mob could conceal the intense gravity of that moment, but the demonstrations began again on Sunday evening, twenty-four hours after mobilization had been decreed, and continued up to and including Wednesday morning. There were, so far as I know, no considerable demonstrations after the night in which war with England became a certainty until the news of the early achievements of the German armies began to be circulated.

So far as I was able to observe, the processions of Monday and Tuesday nights were of rather a different character to those of the preceding week ; now they were mostly long cordons of young reservists called to the colours or awaiting their day to join their respective dépôts. But a week of processional intoxication had had its effect on the nerves of the populace, and I think it probable that this kind of mental

inebriety, which the Government and its officials had done nothing to check or to discourage, may have been partly responsible for the sudden outbreak of hatred which characterized the night of August 5th. But this intoxication should have been of short duration: sanity and a headache should have followed in the morning. They did not apparently so follow, for the Berlin newspapers of August 6th to the 10th contain records of official expostulation against further processional excitement. Warnings had to be issued against the insulting of English-speaking people in the streets of Berlin and other cities, not indeed, be it noted, because such insults were unworthy of a nation claiming to be civilized, but because the victims of these public outrages might happen to be citizens of the United States, "a great country with which we are on terms of friendship." It is unnecessary at this stage of the war to explain why the German Government suddenly discovered that outrages against English-speaking persons were no longer desirable. America was and is the only country from which Germany expected such diplomatic pressure as might render void England's mastery of the routes of commercial supplies.

Thus I think it is clear that this hatred of England was in part a consequence of the

intoxication which had been encouraged in moments of stress: and since then there is no doubt that the whole of German officialdom has striven further to maintain this hatred. The speeches of Prince Rupert of Bavaria, a member of a Royal House famous in history for every kind of extravagance, the Kaiser's own rescripts, the hymns of hate, and all the rest of the German vituperative armoury, have no doubt largely achieved their purpose, and yet one can scarcely overlook the fact that somehow the seed must have been already sown, the ground already made fertile, before the rain of official spring could produce this crop of wild oats.

When I came back from my unwilling sojourn at police headquarters on the night from August 4th to 5th, the only German who made any effort to alleviate the unpleasant circumstances in which I found myself (with my room at the hotel locked against me, my flat in possession of the police, and the Embassy, last refuge of the afflicted, surrounded by a cordon of armed police, whose only information was that the Ambassador and his staff had already departed) was a director of the Hamburg-America line and a member of the Reichstag, Herr Heckscher, to whom I take this belated opportunity of expressing my thanks. But his last remark, and one which I cannot forget, was:

“ I am afraid it will take twenty years to obliterate in Germany the memory of this hour.”

Now it is not wholly unintelligible that certain of the population of Germany, in particular of the great trading city Hamburg and of the most prominent health resorts, the managers of hotels and so forth, should be inspired with sudden rage. Great hotels have sprung up, as I have already shown in an earlier chapter, on a flimsy basis of foreign support, the life of great German cities has been to no small extent organized with a view to the attraction of foreigners, and very large amounts of German capital have little by little been sunk in enterprises to which the war must put a certain stop. Many of those whose fortunes were thus involved saw ruin staring them in the face, and just because England, and England alone, is in a position to establish, instantly and almost automatically, that command of the seas which produced the virtual isolation of Germany, it may well be that upon her was poured at once the hatred of people whose prosperity was held on all too insecure a tenure. And yet in other countries, too, the war inevitably brought ruin to many enterprises: it had brought devastation such as her civilized opponents will perhaps never wreak upon German cities, and the feeling, if I rightly interpret it, which has been left behind is much more like contempt than

actual malice and hatred. One has to look farther, I am convinced, for an explanation of this hatred of England that has swept through Germany. And first, I think, one may suspect that the feeling of insecurity, the insecurity of the position of comfort, ease, and prosperity which Germany has attained since 1870, has been far more widespread than we have commonly believed.

It must be remembered that the generation of older men in Germany still remember the days of simplicity. I have tried in the opening chapter to show that as little as ten years ago much of this simplicity and a certain distrust of the new magnificence of life in all its phases was prevalent even in Berlin, and still more in the country. Boastful, arrogant, and self-assured as Germans have shown themselves to be, they yet felt that when the hour came their house of cards might collapse at the breath of a wind from the North Sea. Not only because Moltke or some other had said that he could not formulate a scheme of defence on three frontiers did Germans look in the hours at the end of July with such anxiety towards London, but because they knew that England, and England alone, could overthrow all this marvellous creation of forty years' activity and progress.

Seven or eight years ago a German acquaint-

ance sent me a significant little pamphlet entitled, "Why 'Are We Hated Everywhere?" I forget the exact answer given to the question, but it summarized, I remember, much of the argument which before and since then has been the common denominator of innumerable German calculations. Jealousy of German's commercial prosperity, they have argued, lay at the base of English dislike, for I do not think they have ever seriously believed that when the crisis came we should be afraid to fight. And this argument of commercial jealousy has had its foundation in that same sense of the insecurity of tenure to which I have referred.

There must be added, of course, in some degree the realization of the fact that the task which faced her was in the long run impossible for Germany if England joined her enemies. I think that the bulk of the people, who had gone through the German school of militarism and who based their entire confidence in the preparations for the smooth working of the military machine, believed that Russia and France together might be crushed as easily as was France in 1870; but England was a different matter. England had no tradition of defeat like Austria, she had no record of disaster like France, nor history of lost campaigns like Russia: she was both in the military and more

especially in the naval sense an unknown quantity, and *omne ignotum pro odioso*. Like the world to the Greek poet, the English world was hated of the Germans because of its incognoscibility. Fear, then, must have entered very largely into the psychology of German hatred, and it was not, nor could it be, a hatred born only of the hour of crisis.

Then there was jealousy—jealousy of England's atmosphere, the instinctive hatred of a semi-barbarous people, or of a people clothed with a civilization they scarcely understood and wore only with an itching skin, for a nation which took its own achievements for granted and never even in its proudest moments emerged from its cool indifference to fate.

"They hate us," said an Englishman to me soon after I first went to Germany, "as the sparrows hate a parroquet." If one takes the trouble to look through the Crown Prince's book of Indian travels, it will be seen that the thing he most admired in England was England's old country houses: not the stately homes of England, not Longleat and Haddon Hall and all the rest of them, but the little brick-built country houses, with their open fire-places and their Jacobean chimneys and their smooth grass lawns and that atmosphere of inevitability and peace and undisturbed

eternity which Rudyard Kipling has described in several of his short stories. In his country home at Oels, and more recently in the palace he had begun to build for himself on the banks of the Lake at Potsdam, the Crown Prince has admittedly tried to capture some of that atmosphere whereof he was so jealous. Travelled Germans have been inspired, it would seem, by much the same feeling. That which Berlin lacks, as has already been said, was and is atmosphere. It is to be found in some small degree, as I have already explained, in South Germany and in the Rhineland, and in some of the river valleys, but the sense of brooding peace is not upon Prussia, which labours now, as she has always laboured, under an iron sky.

And then there is disappointment. For a decade past there has been preached in Germany and in England, in season and out of season, the cousinship of the "two great Germanic nations." I am doubtful whether this doctrine of cousinship has really been believed by intelligent people in England or in Germany: for it was and always has been a falsehood. I do not mean that it is wholly false ethnologically, though indeed there might be something fairly vigorous to be said against the theory even in this light. Nearest the truth perhaps came the high priests of Anglo-German friendship when they said that

the animosity between the two countries was largely occasioned by lack of understanding. But, like another high priest, they knew not what they said. They imagined that the visits of journalists, Lord Mayors, clergymen, and school-children could remove a lack of understanding, whereas such things are at best qualified to modify a misunderstanding: they tried to create an *entente* by means only moderately appropriate for the production of a *detente*, and the things those emissaries of one country or the other tried to explain were the very things which they should have left alone. They talked on this side and on that of the community of intellectual attainments and intellectual history ("We love your Shakespeare, and you love our Schiller"), as though literature, a community of student taste, had any connection whatever with the understanding between two peoples whose inmost characters differed as the sun from the moon. Yet this truth, or rather this doctrine, of the community of intellectual treasures which was not and is not a community of intellectual tastes was preached by the apostles of cousinship until a large number of unthinking people really believed it, and when the hour came there were, one must believe, a large number of Germans who thought, as their papers preached, that this was a war between brothers, a family feud, and

therefore inevitably a vendetta. Like all such banquetings, these champagne friendships have brought nothing but sorrow in the morning. "So vanish friendships only made in wine."

It will be claimed, and indeed it has been claimed, that all the work of these very worthy prophets, priests, and deacons of Anglo-German friendship has been undone and brought to naught by the efforts of wicked men who for years have preached the inevitable war. I am not now to discuss Press responsibility for the present war, but it is more than foolish to accuse the prophets of war of stirring up hatred. What they have done on this side and on that, year in and year out, is to prophesy things that in this year have come to their fulfilment. When the *Times* published warnings years ago concerning the development of German strategic railways on the Belgian frontier, it was accused of stirring up hatred, yet it merely stated facts of which every one now is regretfully aware.

All these warnings on the one side and on the other, the warnings of Bernhardt and his predecessors, as well as of Count Reventlow, Professor Schiemann, and the rest of the militarist publicists in Germany as to the probable action of Germany in a European War, and all the advice, the protestations, and the arguments of our own mentors in England should have had

exactly the opposite of the effect ascribed to them. Germany should have known that there were circumstances under which the British Navy must be mobilized against her. It is apparently agreed that up to the last hour her diplomats still clung to the theory that England would not fight : and their chief complaint against England at the present day appears to be that they had no warning of her probable action.

If this is true of her diplomats, it must be much more true of the bulk of her reading public. Scarcely a city in Germany has escaped one of those cousinship visits to which reference has been made. Champagne has poured like water in Hamburg, Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Frankfort, Cologne, and elsewhere. In these cities at least the people may reasonably be thought to have begun to believe the lying doctrine preached to them : for if this doctrine of cousinship had any meaning at all, it must mean that intellectually, morally, and politically the bulk of English people felt themselves so near akin to their German cousins that a war between the two would be felt by them not merely as a political, financial, and economic disaster of the first magnitude, but as a blood feud in the heart of the family.

Yet it was only as a possible political and industrial catastrophe that it was really

visualized. The Germans claim that they were deceived, and there is something to be said for their assertion. It is worth while to note that almost every one of these cousinship campaigns has been followed by a renewal on a more severe scale of the strain in relations between the two countries. Doubtless the old doctrine of Edwardian encirclement sowed the seeds of political animosity, but if there had been no negotiations whatever for the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between the two countries, there could scarcely have been a greater strain than has repeatedly occurred in the course of the last eight years. There is in my mind a conversation which I had at the beginning of April (I think it was the 3rd of April) 1912 with the then Secretary for Foreign Affairs in his villa in the grounds of the German Foreign Office. Herr Von Kiderlen Waechter told me at that time that the so-called Haldane negotiations had broken down. He said that the German Foreign Office and the German Government had believed that these negotiations, so far as they concerned the colonies, were successfully completed. "Now," he said, "we have to-day heard from Sir Edward Grey that these negotiations were never regarded as official, and that they are not confirmed by the British Government. The situation," he added, "has become very grave indeed, graver than at

any time in my memory." A report of that conversation, with a great deal more that he told me at the same time, was sent to London. It met, of course, with a prompt denial. I took the denial to the Foreign Secretary, and he said, "Oh well, negotiations about the colonies have begun again." I think there is no doubt that he, like a great many other people, had imagined that there were few lengths to which England would not go in order to establish an amicable footing with Germany. That was the case, certainly, after the cousinship visits of 1906, and Herr Von Tschirschsky, the then Foreign Secretary, and now Ambassador in Vienna, resigned his post, if he was not summarily evicted, mainly because he had been deceived as to the real importance from the English point of view of these festivities.

We know now, of course, that Germany had claimed what under no circumstances could England grant, namely, an undertaking that at no time and under no circumstances where we were not immediately materially concerned, that is, where neither our possessions nor our trade routes were threatened, would we be found on the side of Germany's enemies. Germany knew then, because she was told, that this was a condition of further negotiations which we would not grant; but the German public was told none of these things. All that the public saw was a

breakdown of the cousinship campaign in 1907, another breakdown, and a much more serious one, after the campaign of 1910, and finally the outbreak of war just when the German public had been led to suppose that the so-called colonial negotiations were approaching a successful termination.

And, lastly, in connection with the political reasons for this hatred of England, it would appear that the German public probably, and still more probably the German Government, was deceived by our very honesty of purpose. Up to the very last moment, we know, the British Government strove for peace; the German public was allowed to some extent to be aware of these English efforts, and when, after all, it was England who instructed her Ambassador to demand his passports, Germany jumped to the conclusion that the whole of this effort for peace had been political deception, a mere pretext to gain time for the further mobilization of the fleet. The German accusation against England has always been that of hypocrisy, and it would seem that up to the last moment they suspected us of this same hypocrisy. There is a special reason for this charge which is perhaps not quite sufficiently understood, but I purpose to refer to it more at length in the succeeding chapter.

In this sketch of the German Psalm of Hate

there is insufficient mention, perhaps, of what no doubt seems at the moment the principal cause, namely, that but for English intervention a German victory appeared certain, even if that certainty may have been exaggerated. This, however, is a side of the question which it were possibly better to leave until the war is at an end. It may suffice to say here that the disadvantages, to say the least of them, accruing from the enmity of Great Britain are becoming each week more apparent to the bulk of the population, not merely because the German official reports themselves give prominence to the English commercial control and the economic consequences of the British command of the sea, but because week by week every German household is learning more and more surely the meaning of that term "Geschlossene Handels Staat" with which the Germans have paraded what they imagine to be the adaptability of their economic machinery.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CONSCRIPT GOD

“Impious braggart ; you forget
God is not your conscript yet.”
BARRY PAIN.

NEUTRAL correspondents in the German capital have called attention with surprise to certain huge red placards with black lettering which appeared suddenly during October on the round advertisement pillars which correspond to the London hoardings. “Ist Gott neutral?” asked these immense advertisements. For some days this “curious political inquiry,” as an Italian correspondent described it, was left to have its effect on the minds of such as read the placards. Then there appeared in similar characters, and with similar display, an invitation to the population of Berlin to go and hear the answer to the inquiry from the lips of a certain Father Samuel in the Circus Schumann, that huge rotunda where Max Reinhardt has been wont to produce those spectacles of a semi-religious,

semi-secular character which have captivated impressionable Berlin. From an account of the gathering in the Circus Schumann at the feet of Father Samuel which appeared in an Italian paper I take the following:—

“A congregation numbering at least three thousand had assembled in the auditorium of the Circus, amongst the pillars of that theatrical Gothic where Reinhardt had produced his amazing and very wearisome ‘Miracle.’ Just where the belfry of the cathedral sprang from the vaulting above the statue of the Madonna, Father Samuel appeared in a gallery, and at the top of his voice announced to the huge congregation that of course God was not neutral, and that He would be found with all His Angels on the side of the Germans. Not for nothing, the worthy prelate announced, had Heaven set down the Germans not merely in the political centre of Europe but at the intellectual hub of the universe. He had appointed Germany to spread the gospel of Teutonic intellect, Teutonic culture, Teutonic organization throughout the known world. Therefore the neutrality of Heaven was a doctrine which might suit the Doubting Thomases of Germany and the faint hearts of her opponents, but which no intelligent German could hold for one instant. Having thus patted his God on the shoulder and sum-

moned Him like any conscript to do His best for Germany, Father Samuel called on his congregation to repeat after him the Lord's Prayer, and then to the tones of Reinhardt's organ to sing Luther's hymn, 'Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott'" [the famous hymn begins in Catherine Winkworth's translation "A Tower of strength our God doth stand, our Shield and sure Deliverer"].

To the Italian this extraordinary scene smacked, as he says, of Tuscan blasphemy. He felt it was hopeless to make his readers realize that the Germans could propound and answer a supernatural inquiry of this sort with the same certainty, the same naturalness, as they might debate the neutrality of the United States. To English people, too, the proceedings appear wellnigh incredible, or would appear so if we did not remember that for years past such meetings have been held in profane buildings in Germany by all sorts of soi-disant theologians to debate such questions as "Did Christ ever exist?" "Was there ever a home in Nazareth?" As for this weird debate in the Circus Schumann, it must be remembered that it was a part of the scheme for mobilizing the Lutheran Church propounded, no doubt with official patronage, at the beginning of the war.

Immanuel Heyn, the pastor of that curiously

secularized Memorial Church in Charlottenburg whose spire flaunts an utterly meaningless star on a huge pole above the cross (because when the Kaiser saw the original plans he drew a star and a line under it to show that the spire was to be made higher), described vividly in the *Vossische Zeitung* of the end of September the method whereby the Lutheran clergy were to be mobilized in defence of the State. From every pulpit, he declared, the clergy were to denounce the malefactions of Germany's adversaries ; they were to point out how England, France, and Russia had been guilty of deceit, treachery, and hypocrisy ; they were to explain how righteous was the German cause and how surely God was on the German side. "If ever there was a holy war," wrote the *Cologne Gazette* in November, "it is surely this" ; and the holy war has been preached in season and out of season by every presbyter in Germany.

The amazing address of Father Samuel was only one feature in the mobilization of the State-paid Church in the interests of the State which has supported it. We have seen in an earlier chapter how it was left to the professors to do any questioning that there might be. The Lutheran clergy were not expected to develop any critical faculty. They were to accept dogma and liturgy as they found

it decreed by the State, and to leave all discussion to the paid thinkers. The punishment for critical ability was, and is, removal from the service of the State—that is, from that of the Lutheran Church. The acceptance of this principle in wartime was rendered easier, no doubt, by the fact that only the Socialists are branded as unbelievers in Germany. It is true that escape from the Church tax imposed upon everybody in Germany is made possible to any one who will designate himself in the official census as “diffident”—that is, “unbeliever.” But this is a recognized, or at any rate popularly admitted, evasion, and does not carry with it necessarily any accepted confession of agnosticism or atheism. On the other hand, the Socialists have always been branded as the people without a creed, hence in the minds of many Germans doubt as to the justice of the country’s cause has come to be associated with doubt as to the existence of a Supreme Being, and, conversely, faith in a Supreme Being has come to be recognized by very many Germans as necessarily correlating faith in the future of Germany.

It is necessary, however, to look a good deal farther than this for an explanation of the curious attitude towards the supernatural which characterizes Germany during the war; and first it is desirable, perhaps,

to remember that if faith in the Divine mission of Germany is asserted by Germans to a degree which appears not only bumptious and arrogant but even blasphemous to foreign observers, foreign countries themselves have been to no small degree responsible for encouraging this German theory that they are the chosen people, that they incorporate the sum and substance of human wisdom and human virtues, and that after them cometh no builder. For what Germany means by Kultur is just precisely the sum and substance of human attainment. The Germans believe themselves to have rediscovered after wellnigh two thousand years that organizing talent which characterized the proudest days of Rome, and they have added to it not only a meticulous care in the regulation of the smallest affairs (*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas*) but also a mechanical genius whereof Rome had perhaps no such exponent as was Syracusan Archimedes.

Now, outside Germany foreign countries have united for a generation to extol whatsoever Germany did and invented. We have belauded their professors, we have raised to a pinnacle their studies, we have imitated their technical schools, and with a depreciation of our own virtues and our own achievements which they have never understood, we have helped them to believe that they

have discovered some new thing or rediscovered a treasure that had long been lost. It has been characteristic of the German study of foreign countries that it has devoted itself very largely to the external of those countries, and not to the true spirit which pervades them. German professors and diplomats and travellers have, as we now know and might have known long ago, never understood the essential spirit of any foreign nation. They have, however, studied and made long extracts from printed comments and spoken words wherein foreigners have criticized themselves, their own domestic qualities and their own virtues. Furthermore, they have watched the course of events, and from this, too, they have drawn their conclusions. They have seen France, once the elder daughter of the Church, secularize her ecclesiastical buildings and withdraw State aid from the one form of mystic religion spread throughout the country. They have heard Frenchmen preach the doctrine of French decadence, and up to a few years ago they had seen this doctrine accepted, and they had supposed that France was really rather proud of it. In England they have watched for years the strife of creed and creed; they have read week-long discussions in the popular Press regarding "Our Empty Churches"; they have seen English Churches compelled to appeal for

charitable support, whilst in Germany every one not a professed agnostic is compelled to support the fabric and service of some form of the Christian religion ; and they have drawn the conclusion that in Germany alone faith was still living. So they have answered their own question, "Can God be neutral?" with a decided "No." We also knew not "what argument our life to our neighbour's creed hath lent."

I can imagine a German before the final Court which shall settle all our human disputes turning upon his accusers and answering them after this fashion : "We will admit, since admit it we must, that we began the war. We selected for its commencement the moment we held most favourable. We will not even claim that we did so in sheer preservation of house and home : we went to war to save German Kultur. We believed that in a space of two or three years our possible and probable opponents would have received an accession of strength against which possibly we could no longer oppose a corresponding effort. We knew that Russia had laid her plans for revising her railway system, for increasing her strategic means of distribution and swift organization upon her frontiers ; we knew that we had come to the end of possibilities in the expenditure of money upon our navy ; and we realized that England's determination to outbuild

us if necessary by eight to one was not to be shaken, and therefore we fought in August 1914 lest in August 1916 any hope for the survival of German Kultur should have vanished. We fought, then, admittedly for German Kultur, and now you say we did wrong ! But if we have believed, as we did believe, that nothing on earth mattered, that no desecration, no destitution, no torment, no terror, and no sacrifice could count in the balances against our Kultur, you are to blame for this our belief. For many years you have held our philosophies the deepest, you have admitted the œcumenical supremacy of the one mystic element in our life, that is our music. You have deferred invariably to our theology ; you even professed pride when our circle of theologians admitted Lightfoot to their number as an equal. You have copied our organization of social insurance and endeavoured to outbid us ; you have imitated our technical schools ; and, if we were to believe you, you have been jealous of our State system. And then what of yourselves ? Is there any department of your State that you in England have not criticized ? There has not been a First Sea Lord in whom you have appeared to put any trust ; you have made fun of your territorials, and you have even doubted the effectiveness of your army for European warfare. We have seen a large per-

centage of the inhabitants of Great Britain ranked, it would appear, on the side of those who desired to see all State support withdrawn from any form of definite Christian teaching, still more from any dogmatic teaching from the pulpit. Disestablishment, if we were to follow the results of election after election, has been a popular platform-plank. A majority of voters has even supported a party whose programme appeared to us to demand that never again should England draw the sword in support of anything save the independence of her own shores. When your South African colonies revolted, those that are now your leading statesmen demanded that you should not fight to recover them, and election after election has gone by without your being able to produce a majority in defence of your Kultur, the historic achievements of all your ancestors. You yourselves taught us, then, that German Kultur was chief and best, was the only thing worth having and the only sacred possession worth defence. What in effect has been your sin? That of forgetting that the kingdom of God does not come by introspection nor by mere θεωρία; we, on the other hand, have adopted the principle that in our State there must be θεωρία as well as πράξις, and you will surely admit that we have carried out our principle to the uttermost of our abilities the while you either

dreamed the long tides idle or, like doubting disciples, followed afar off. How could we believe other than that God, even our God, had divinely appointed us to possess the earth?"

I think that the advocates for England would have to reply: "All this we said and all this we wrote, but we never meant it. It is our habit as a nation to depreciate ourselves; we are shy of professing optimism, neither have we ever made any claim as a nation to special recognition in the face of humanity. True, our children have been taught in history-books that we freed the slaves and that we have ever fought against oppression on the Continent of Europe, but when it came to the point we have always pretended to ourselves and others that we doubted our own preparedness, and were none too sure of the metal of our own swords. And there may have been something deceptive in all this that you now see as hypocrisy, but in truth it was more a superstitious desire not to offend the God of Small Beginnings. Like the Greeks, we dread as a nation and individually lest we be guilty of the sin of *ὑβρις*. The poet of our Imperial achievements has bidden us never to 'forget,' and in his finest sermon had only this precept for us, 'Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth.' If this you have not understood, upon your heads lies the sin. Never for one

instant have we really in ourselves doubted that God for His own purposes has set England as mistress of the narrow seas, but we have not made a parade of our belief like you. Just because you studied the externals and because your paid thinking class could annotate and connotate but could not pierce into the soul of a nation, therefore to-day you have forfeited your place in the sun."

If, however, the German nation through its paid thinkers and paid political agents has been misled regarding the actual opinions of the rest of the world (for the miscomprehension of the spirit of England has been paralleled by at least as complete a misunderstanding of the spirit of France or of the intentions of Russia), there remain, nevertheless, features in the Germany after 1870 which account in a large measure for the curious confidence which seems so like arrogance and which, though I have no brief for its defence, I sometimes think is less really bumpiousness than merely childishness. And first there stands in our view as the representative of Germany a man who more than all his subjects appears to have claimed a special Providence and to worship in word at least a kind of tribal God. It is from the Kaiser that most of the published "blasphemies" have come, wherefore at the outset I have tried to show

that the attitude of the official priesthood of Germany is not very far different to his. What, then, is the real supernatural faith of the Kaiser? It would be absurd, no doubt, to deny to him any real faith in a Supreme Being, and equally absurd to suppose that the Kaiser, who, after all, is a highly educated man, really believes that there is a special God whose special function it is to watch over the fortunes of the Kaiser-Reich. The Kaiser, it must be remembered, is a mystic. Mysticism, it may be admitted, has not been a prevailing feature of modern Germany, though at the outset an attempt was made to show how the old mysticism resulting from a close communication between man and the earth and from an unscientific but none the less thorough study of all the wondrous mystery of the year, seed-time and harvest, sowing and reaping, summer and winter, had survived in Germany even to our day. The mysticism of the Kaiser is beyond doubt of a different type. In the official religion of Germany mysticism has vanished with mystery. To a man whose thoughts constantly turned inward, Lutheranism alone could hardly offer a satisfying creed. We have seen how even the Eulenburg episode and the trials which followed upon that journalistic exposure of a sewer under the Royal Palace were really based, so far as the Kaiser was concerned therein, upon

the Imperial craving for a mystic interpretation of the world and all that is therein. If the Kaiser, then, is a mystic, he is also intensely superstitious. There are instances enough of this, and they have been quoted in the Press, possibly *ad nauseam*. I propose here only to refer to one which, I think, is a little less commonly known than the rest. There was, and there still is, a curious superstition connecting the fortunes of the House of Hohenzollern with the ruins of the ancient monastery of Lehnin, the mother-house of those monks who afterwards built Chorin and the other half-fortress, half-monastic institutions, the ruins of whose powerful walls still mark so many of the hills eastwards of Berlin towards that dark land of moor and marsh and forest which was the frontier of Western Christendom when the first battle of Tannenberg was fought, just as the Masurian Lakes appear to the Kaiser to-day the frontiers of Western civilization against the Slav hordes now that the second battle of Tannenberg appears to have reversed the verdict of the first. The legend of Lehnin, it is said, referred, like so many monastic or pseudo-monastic chaunts-royal, to a date or a period when monastery and Royal House should vanish together, and the Kaiser has spent considerable sums out of his private purse, not to restore but so far as possible

to retain the fragments of Lehnin. In the prophecy there was, or was supposed to be (for neither in the Royal Library nor at Lehnin nor elsewhere could I obtain other than an outline of this cherished prophecy, which is somehow connected with St. Hubert), a reference to a fire, which should break out at Lehnin and which should signal the end of the new empire of the German nation. A fire broke out at Lehnin some little time ago, much to the distress of the Kaiser, who himself went several times to witness the work of repair. That Lehnin was also a favourite picnic resort of the Empress and her daughter is matter of note, but the Kaiser's superstitious care of Lehnin was not so well known, and I extracted the story of it with some difficulty from the custodian of the ruins. The story, however, such as it is, is no more than a trifling instance of a state of mind sufficiently well known to need no further illustration.

Much more difficult is it to discuss from the point of view only of an observer what has been called the paganism of the Kaiser. He has been called a Pantheist, apparently with some kind of idea that Pantheism is a crime against humanity, and latterly he has been described as a pagan, mainly by people who have not the faintest idea what the word means, or why it was originally applied to the Kaiser.

A pagan is not necessarily a barbarian. It may even be doubted whether the Kaiser has ever formulated closely to himself, and still less to any other human being, his idea of the supernatural. The Crown Prince has endeavoured to do so in his "Leaves from a Hunting Diary." Here he is frankly pagan. His religious feelings are aroused mainly by a fire on the open hearth of a forester's cottage, by the silence of the immemorial trees, or by sunrise on the everlasting hills. But the Kaiser, people have said, has imagined for himself a sort of hierarchy of Divine emanations which include not only the God of the Hebrews and the God of the Christians, but also the gods of the elder day—Woden and Thor and Freya, and all the rest. Court circles in Berlin even asserted about a year ago that the Kaiser wore on his watch-chain a little green malachite charm in the shape of a hammer, and this they declared was a model of a supposed green-jade hammer of Thor discovered somewhere in the Mark Brandenburg. Possibly this was merely an invention intended to popularize the sale of some little green hammers which shortly afterwards appeared in the charm market; but it would appear that somewhere in the confused mind of the monarch there was place for some dim conception of those nature-gods whom the old inhabitants of the North-

lands once worshipped. It is, of course, also possible that the Kaiser's extraordinary passion for the past, a feature in his character perhaps not rightly interpreted by his contemporaries, led him to cherish all these relics of ancients, and his cherishing of them may possibly have led him into some kind of belief in their beneficent influence upon the fortunes of the German Empire under his rule.

More important, probably, for a right judgment at some later date of the character of this, the most prominent single figure in the great war, may be a recognition of the Kaiser's half-mystic, half-politic conception of himself as the great unifying force. He came to the throne, be it remembered, at a time when the throes of the Kultur-Kampf were not yet overlived. His childhood was that of a prince who had only begun to see Germany united under pressure of external circumstances, and he realized probably more keenly than we are aware how completely the Hohenzollern had failed since the days of Frederick to present a unifying force to the people of Germany. He was called, so he may well have presumed, to make good this deficiency, and when he rid himself of Bismarck, quite apart from all the motives of jealousy there may also have been the feeling that this man stood in the way of the true unity of Germany

under the sceptre of the Hohenzollern. To him, possessed as he has always been with the idea of a supernatural calling and vocation, all worship of a deity appears fragmentary. Catholicism, Lutheranism, or any other form of the Christian worship, is inadequate, sufficient perhaps for those whose daily round and common task gives them no time nor even the mental ability to rise beyond the alphabet of things, the "weak and beggarly elements" of a religion, but wholly inadequate to the man marvellously called in the process of time to fill the place of a Melchisedek—prophet, priest, and king. Hence without discrimination he holds his right hand full of gifts to Catholic and Protestant, to Evangelical and Orthodox, to Wittenberg and Rome. To-day he presents an altar-piece to the monks of Beuron, to-morrow attends a very strictly Lutheran service in that masterpiece of German bad taste—the cathedral of Berlin. It was but yesterday that the head of the Lutheran Church received from the monks of Maria Laach a magnificent jewelled copy of that which the Emperor supposed to be the only surviving example of Constantine's labarum. He conceives of himself, it is clear, as standing above and apart from the strife of creed and creed, anointed with the oil of the priestly kingship above his fellows, gifted with the ancient power

of interpretation, and with the privilege of Urim and Thummim: a descendant of Aaron and the wearer of the purple of all the prophets that have preceded him. Thus lifted up for an ensign to the peoples, he conceived his mission to be that of a unification—I had almost said an accommodation—and he may well have hoped that he, like St. Paul, proving all things to all men, might establish a conception of divinity as much superior to the petty dispute of dogma and liturgy which he saw around him as was St. Paul's Christianity to the tentative *δεισιδαιμονία* of Athens, and to the worship of the God whom men felt must exist but knew not by name. So then, in this rarer atmosphere which lesser men could not breathe, he accounts himself an interpreter of the Divine will, high priest of the Most Highest, and feels it no blasphemy to exclaim, when the Unknown God seems to crown the standards of Imperial Germany with victory, "How wonderfully God has wrought for Wilhelm!"

Somewhat thus, perhaps, one might venture to interpret in part this curious attitude of the Kaiser, and yet there is plainly another side from which the matter should be regarded. There could hardly be, for a man so attracted by the romance of history, anything save an aftertaste of the Crusades in the fighting in the Masurian

Lakes. It will not be forgotten that for many years the Kaiser's favourite rôle has been that of a Crusading leader. At the great fortress of the Teutonic Knights at Marienburg, near Dantsic, the Kaiser instituted some years ago a superb festival of the Order. He turned his Life Guards into Teutonic Knights in the full panoply of the contemporary Order, and himself appeared in like guise amongst them, upon the ramparts of the restored castle. Nor was it wholly without significance that when Hermann Sudermann, now a Court playwright, after long banishment made his reappearance at the Royal Theatre, it was with a play, "Strand Kinder," which was nothing else save a glorification of the work of the Teutonic Knights in the still barbarous Bight of Dantsic. Glorification of this Crusading spirit has been a prominent feature of all Court ceremonials, and it is doubtless very largely as a Crusader that the Kaiser pictures himself in this which his subjects have been taught to call a holy war. Arrogance, it may be called, or impertinence, or obscurantism, or mysticism, or what you will—swelled head even, since it seems robbed of every ounce of nobility, but at least it should not be passed over as pure humbug!

And lastly, in his reference of victories, real or supposed, to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords there is more than a touch of super-

stitious fear to offend. To a divinity of whom he forms but the vaguest conception he attributes, like Henry V, a victory for which in reality he believes his own right arm is mainly responsible. And here he comes, I suspect, most nearly into touch with that humility, that desire to avoid *ὑβρις*, which is so characteristic of Great Britain.

If, then, somewhat in this spirit the Kaiser went to war, in what spirit went the people? We have, of course, ample evidence of externals. On the Sunday which followed the declaration of war on Russia there took place on the Königs-Platz in front of the Bismarck statue a curious, and at the same time genuinely impressive, religious ceremonial. Some three thousand people—men, women, and children—gathered at noon under a blazing August sun about the statue, soldiers and civilians, regulars and recruits, veterans and Landsturm men together, to listen, or to think they listened, to a great address by a pastor of the Lutheran Church. Very few can have heard the words which fell from the insignificant preacher, high up on the dais of the statue, but they saw and followed each movement of his hand, and they did not require the voice of extemporized vergers to join him with all their voices as sentence by sentence they repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then sang some of those old German chorales which have

been compared, perhaps not unfitly, to the hymns of Cromwell's Ironsides. Here was one picture of the German Army, the German nation in arms, going into battle with a psalm on its lips and a prayer in its heart.

There follows a counterpart. When Belgium was all but won and when it may well have appeared to the German armies that they could now move straight upon Calais, and reckon finally with the mistress of the seas, the naval reserve, the corps of marines, and naval landing-parties, who had moved down under the command of an admiral from Antwerp, assembled on Sunday on the foreshore at Ostend, and there, in the keen wind of an October morning, they listened once more to words of pastoral blessing upon armies which had ruthlessly violated every precept of Christianity. When they, like the others round the Bismarck statue, had repeated clause by clause the prayer of prayers and sung a hymn, the admiral bade them raise such a loud cheer for the Kaiser "that your cousins across the water may hear and tremble."

Here are the two external pictures, complementary and yet very deceptive. They provide no doubt an admirable picture of people who can say prayers or sing hymns with the same discipline and the same heartiness as they have been taught to cheer a general or an

admiral. In what spirit, one asks again, does the German Army go into battle? If there be any spark of belief in the supernatural remaining to the fighting men of a nation, it is surely to be revived in times of trouble and in times of strain. "Wherein have we put our trust?" One might perhaps not be far wrong in presuming that the Germans went into battle with the confidence first in their general staff and their Admiralty—that is, in that rediscovered gift of organization which formed so large a part of their conception of Kultur. First, then, their confidence, their hope of victory, was based in their preparation for war. Next, it is only fair to assume their confidence was placed in the Kaiser. Probably the general assumption in many countries that the Kaiser is a military blunderer whose advice to his own troops is worth an army corps to his enemies, however right it may happen to be from the military standpoint, sadly underestimates the value of the Kaiser as an inspiring element to the nation and to the German Army. Second, then, I think the trust of Germany may have been in the Kaiser and last "in a God, if indeed there be any God," *εἴ τις ἐστὶ Ζεὺς*. I have already endeavoured to suggest that the religious sentiments, at any rate of middle-class Germany, have suffered sad shipwreck since 1870. Not even that impressive open-air service on the Königs-Platz was able

to remove the impression that much of German religion, so far as it is Christian in appearance, is somehow put on like a garment at the word of command. It may suffice here to say that the impression which has been given by an attempt, insufficient in its degree and inadequate in the number of instances, made over a period of ten years to find out what the German in the towns really believes, has left very little belief in an inspiring religious fervour. Those three thousand people who went to hear Father Samuel discuss the neutrality of the Most Highest may have been assembled, I think, partly from those Spree-Athenians who are ever fascinated by the propounding of a new intellectual conundrum, partly from people who had nothing better to do, and partly from those who went because they wanted to be able to say they had been there. In previous years I had attended more than one of these Circus meetings devoted to the propounding of questions dealing with dogma and doctrine, but I cannot remember that the electric feeling of an audience genuinely in earnest was ever present at them. They contrasted in this respect very forcibly with some Revivalist meetings which I attended earlier in England. There at least, however little good effect there may have been, one felt for the moment that there was a kind of spirit—it may only have been of hysteria—but at least it was an imparted

zeal which was present. I do not think that in the audience of Circus Schumann one has yet found an answer to the question, "In what belief went Germany to war?"

Possibly, after all, there is no answer. No doubt the majority of Germans, thanks to the very careful presentation of the German case and to an elaborate education, really believed each that his own prosperity, his own independence, and his own life were in danger. Those that thus believed doubtless went gladly, convinced less perhaps in the long run of the justice of their cause than of the necessity for self-preservation, if need be, by the utter destruction of every man, woman, and child in the countries opposed to them. If this be true, to some extent, of the townsmen who are fighting in the German ranks, and if automatic obedience in circumstances whereto they have long been prepared was the prevailing feature amongst the countrymen, there is yet in addition to a large degree of doubtless genuine patriotic fervour some religious enthusiasm remaining to be accounted for.

It is, of course, by no means impossible that from the marshes, from the forest lands of Thuringia, from Franconia and the Sachsenwald, there came contingents holding still vaguely, as they hold their legends and maintain their customs with forgotten meanings, some faith in a Tutelary Deity or a tribal God. "Thor

be with us, and Woden be our refuge." Thus, or somewhat thus, one might perhaps attempt to sketch out that curious combination of mysticism and agnosticism, of faith and brutality, which characterizes Germany at war. But in the end one would have, I venture to believe, to attribute that still unshaken confidence of the majority of German individuals, their optimism in the face of failure after failure, to the same kind of enthusiasm which inspired the Turkish armies in the old days of Ottoman triumph. When the Ulemas or prophet-priests were sent from Stamboul to inquire into the causes of the early Turkish defeats, they reported that they might be occasioned largely by the disappearance of the old fervent enthusiasm for a personality. The Turkish soldier, they said, might and would fight, even to the end, for the Padishah, the image of God upon earth, but they could not be expected to feel enthusiasm when fighting, as they were instructed, for a Committee of Union and Progress or some immaterial, intangible phantasm, like "patriotism" and "economic liberty." The personality of the Kaiser, whatever his faults and whatever his failings, has, I feel reasonably sure, supplied to the German armies in the field that same tangible, visible, material theocracy which is provided, or was provided, for the Turkish Army by the "Shadow of God."

CHAPTER IX

GERMAN ATROCITIES

WHEN the history of the war comes to be written at some distant period by men able to separate records published largely with a view to present effect from the cool, dispassionate statement of persons too overwhelmed by all the horror of the days that are past to present an exaggerated or even an excited record of the things seen, one of the questions such historians will have to try to answer is, How comes it that a people not notoriously brutal in their private lives suddenly became an army of savages, murdering for sheer lust of blood, burning for sheer wanton instinct of destruction, and brutally maltreating in sheer pleasure of their own cruelty? For making all allowances, admitting perhaps that individual instances of cruelty have been magnified and multiplied as they passed from mouth to mouth, admitting even, if some future historian should be required so to admit, that some of the refugees who fled in the forefront of the flying civilians had

striven to obtain for themselves an advantageous reception in foreign lands by recounting imaginary horrors from which they had escaped, there yet remain innumerable instances of brutality for which it would appear some explanation should be sought. It is not easy, writing during the war, to speak other than vehemently of those hordes of savages who stormed through Belgium raping and burning and wantonly injuring peaceful inhabitants. It is necessary, however, to see clearly that sheer terror may have inspired in advance some of the refugees, and not necessarily all were themselves witnesses of such brutality.

The mere spectacle of the whole population of a peaceful and industrious country "flying ere they knew from terror in the night," overcrowding wretched little fishing-smacks, pouring along muddy and troop-laden roads, was in itself sufficient to make spectators clench their fists, to make the red blood of rage flow to the face, and to produce that state of mind in which those who saw asked only to be allowed to go out, bayonet upon rifle, to wreak red vengeance upon any and every inhabitant of the enemy's country who should come in their way. I have, of course, not the very slightest intention of trying to minimize the appalling brutality which has characterized the German invasion. Things were done under the August and September sunshine

whose mere recital in cold print is no longer possible.

In the villages of Marne, behind the battle line of the Aisne, one could hear at the end of September the cold recital of things unutterable. I have a memory of one family, a mother, a son, and a father, who had fled from a little village near Rethel and had made their way, by what fortune I know not, through Châlons to Sezanne. They recounted without vivacity, apparently without feeling (for that which they had seen and known must have deadened their feelings in that strange way wherein outraged nature provides for grief its own anæsthetic) horrors almost unbelievable had they been less dully related. They spoke of a fair-haired girl of about fifteen stripped by a callous and laughing squad of German cavalry, plastered with grease at the orders of an officer who had only then ridden into the village (and had therefore not had time to get drunk), and thrown alive into the burning ruins of her own home.

Such things related in England by refugees weeks afterwards have certainly by very many people been accounted exaggeration. Others, sick of all the appalling atrocities recorded day after day in the columns of the Press, have closed their ears, as by instinct, to their further recital, and have either denounced the stories as legends

or, admitting their possible truth, have asked, "What is the use of relating these things until the allied armies are in a position to take for them the terrible vengeance of the Mosaic law?"

Indeed, no one who passed in the early months of the war through any of the country once stricken by the invader or came upon those hurrying crowds of refugees could help but feel that recital of these horrors could serve no useful purpose. For the mind of no people as yet untouched by the horror of a German invasion could grasp the things that should be written.

I do not purpose, therefore, to set down here those tales of terror which any one can gather for himself from the columns of the papers and many of which will be placed on record for ever in the official documents of the British Foreign Office.

It suffices, perhaps, to say that whilst that sheer terror of desolation which strode through Belgium and Northern France had its counterpart when a terrified population fled before the advance of the Russian cavalry in the Bukowina, the Russian Cossacks, whose name was for a bogey to frighten children any time these hundred years throughout Eastern Prussia, Silesia, Galicia, Hungary, and the Bukowina, refrained, according to the established evidence of neutral correspondents on the spot, from every such active maltreatment

of the population as the cultured and civilized troops of the Kaiser perpetrated in the provinces they overran.

Not less terrible, none the less, was that flight in the night of a bitter winter of the frontier population. Excepting that the invading armies neither outraged the women nor burned children, nor slew old men nor mutilated cattle, the avenging hordes of the Russian horsemen visited upon the sometime provinces of that congeries of misgoverned nationalities called the Dual Monarchy all the terrors of the German invasion of Belgium.

Here is a picture drawn by an Italian correspondent in Czernowitz at the beginning of December: "The panic was communicated like a disease to the whole population; all the roads are full of refugees, accompanied in their piteous flight by the spectre of famine. It is a confused and disorderly army flying from the face of the enemy; old men, women, and children are stricken by fear; many cannot support the triple trouble of the long march, cold, and starvation; they fall exhausted on the frozen roads, and for them that fall death is at hand. *Væ victis!* The snow-covered earth is without pity, and there appears no escape from the whitened forest, which looks like a forest of ice. By the wayside hundreds fall exhausted by fatigue or hunger, or

overtaken by the fall of night. 'And as night comes there is added to their panic the howling of many wolves. Huge flames rising from wealthy houses mark all the line of the Russian invasion ; add to these terrors the distant thunder of guns, and you have some measure of that terrible stage-setting whereon is accomplished the tragic flight of tens of thousands of inhabitants.'

Here, then, is a picture of the Russian vengeance for the massacres in Belgium. 'And yet these wild Cossacks, whose name, as I have said, has been for a terror by night in all the countries of the Russian frontier, held back their hands from man and woman and child, whereas those that dubbed them barbarians were guilty of nameless atrocities. Not only were these horrors perpetrated by the Germans, but almost in equal degree by the Austrians in Servia. For their tradition of defeat at the hands of the war-like mountain people they exacted vengeance upon all the inhabitants of the villages through which passed their licentious and bloodthirsty hosts. Who gave the orders to the Austrian troops is not known, but it seems more than likely that the suggestion for a policy of terrorism came from the German General Staff. Moreover, the brutality which has characterized the conduct of Germans in Belgium and France and of Austrians in Servia appears to have been charac-

teristic also of the treatment by the German troopers of their own "fellow-countrymen" in 'Alsace and Lorraine, countries whose inhabitants, according to the claim of the German Press, so far from sympathizing with the 'Allies, chose rather to fight bravely under the German flag. Lastly, the 'Austrians—worthy disciples of such masters—wreaked their vengeance upon their own subjects in the Bukowina. Here is one illustration provided by Dr. Johann Vamesch, Prefect of Police at Dorohoi, the last railway station of Moldavia towards the frontier of the Bukowina: "A few days after the opening of hostilities, two Roumanian soldiers of Transylvania encountered at Novo Slitza, near the Russian frontier, a wounded Russian soldier. 'Here is a Russian,' exclaimed one of the two Roumanians, approaching the wounded man; 'let us kill him.' 'Why will you kill me?' replied the Russian, in the Roumanian language. 'I am a Roumanian like you, though I live at Kischineff.' Hereupon the two 'Austro-Roumanians picked him up, took him to a neighbouring cottage and attended to his wounds, whilst a peasant who had witnessed the scene prepared some food. The three Roumanians ate together, and they had hardly finished their meal when they were overtaken by a patrol of Hungarian soldiers. In vain did the two Roumanians try to explain the motive

which had associated them with the wounded Russian. The Hungarian officer refused to listen to their explanations. He passed summary judgment upon them, and had all three Roumanians shot at once. The peasant who had given them shelter and food was compelled to bury their corpses." Doubtless the Hungarian officer, acting in obedience to those same instructions from headquarters which raised in the prison-yard of Czernowitz that double gallows whereunder passed so many hundreds of Austrian subjects suspected of sympathizing with the national enemy, believed himself bound to repress with the sword or rifle any slightest suspicion of concord between the peoples on either side of the frontier. Yet there is no other army save that of the Germans and their allies which would not carry upon its shield as an indelible stain of disgrace the murder of men whose only fault it was that they had rescued and attended to the urgent need of a wounded soldier.

Methods of brutality, then, have characterized east and west and north and south the Austro-German campaigns, and for this brutality there must be found an explanation. Attempts have been made to explain that in Northern France and Belgium a soldiery unaccustomed to anything stronger than the light German beer found ready to their hand strong wine in abundance, some-

times perhaps offered in terror or as a propitiation by the inhabitants that remained, more often simply taken from cellars whose doors had been forced by the invaders. There can be little doubt, perhaps, that many of the outrages, the terrible stories of brutality and violence and rape and mutilation and torture, are accounted for by a sudden drunkenness overcoming troops who had for weeks drunk little else than sterilized water, when they were lucky enough to get that. No athlete is unaware how quickly even a little wine will affect the head of men accustomed to abstinence and hard exercise over a long period. Moreover, as has already been said, the majority of the German peasantry, of the middle-class and even many of the gentlefolk, in peace-times, have shown themselves easily affected by a very little intoxicating liquor. The number of hard toppers in Germany, or at any rate amongst the German soldiers, was probably very small. One has seen, too, at many of those cousinship banquets to which reference was made earlier, instances wherein public men, accustomed to the good things of public entertainment, have been unable to keep their heads in the lavish flow of municipal champagne. It was therefore not surprising that the troops, after long privations, suddenly rejoiced with wine "that maketh all too glad the heart of man," should have lost

respect for their own discipline and committed atrocities for which there is no excuse. When their passions were aroused they behaved worse than the beasts.

It will perhaps be impossible for all time to discover what class of men they were who were thus guilty of a savage animalism. It must, however, be pointed out here that the whole course of German private lives, as regulated by their education, their morality, and their police regulations, made it probable, if not certain, that when once the police regulations were relaxed there would be an outbreak of brutalism and lack of respect even for women and children unexampled in modern history. The lack of respect for individuals had been a part of the German soldier's training. Those Berlin policemen who cut down the women and children of Moabit were all, or almost all, recruited from the ranks of the army. One after another, as we have seen, the most brutal police master in Europe, Herr von Jagow, had issued his rescripts literally commanding the police of the capital to shoot first and think afterwards. No civilian resident in Germany, or at least in Prussia, was safe from the police. No magisterial order was necessary for them to enter, no respect for decency could prevent them from entering your bedroom, and it is on record that they have even

forced their way into sick-rooms to demand the payment of a petty municipal tax of a few shillings. When such things have come to light in England, when a landowner or a householder in some English town or village has ejected some sick person or invaded the sick-room, the newspapers have cried out upon this brutality, the magistrates have usually condemned the action, and the bulk of the people has admitted that, though a monstrosity, it is not the rule. In Germany such action of the police might cause a little local feeling, might even produce a protest in the Socialist Press, but would certainly under no circumstances whatever enable the people thus abused to obtain satisfaction. When the war broke out, women cut down without rhyme or reason by the sabres of the German police years before had still obtained no satisfaction.

Secondly, it must not be forgotten that the German soldier, when once the fumes of wine or possibly the orders of his superiors had relaxed his discipline, had no longer that moral training which should make him hesitate to use brutal violence upon women and children and unarmed burghers. If the history of the growth of vice in its most flagrant forms in the cities of Germany in the last ten years teaches anything, it teaches that that which is learned in peace-time will be practised in war. The stringent police

regulations whereunder the Prussians have lived existed no longer for them in the towns of Belgium. Masochism and sadism, only concealed behind the walls of private houses in Berlin, only restrained by the penal code in many of the great cities of Germany, broke out into open bestiality when the so-called laws of war made their practice possible. A corrupt society means a corrupt army, and a corrupt army involves atrocities.

And lastly, if before others women and young girls have suffered at the hands of the Kaiser's licentious hosts, it must be remembered that the position of women and girls in Germany for the last forty years has been one little better than that of playthings and chattels. We have seen earlier how the soldier had been taught to look upon women as a kind of milch-kine, reducing them to the status of good-natured cows. The officer sought his partner for life always amongst the wealthy, or at least amongst such as could bring him the officially fixed minimum of dowry; the soldier was protected from any attempt on the part of distracted women to force him to contribute to the support of his children, and right and left through German society ran a treatment of women which bordered often upon sheer contempt. It may be, as has been suggested, that the increasing extravagance

and the diminishing self-respect of German girls, exhibited, for instance, in that daily patrol of the Tauentzien girls, had contributed very largely to destroy such atoms of respect as they still had in the eyes of the lords of the German creation. At least it is clear that respect had vanished, and if respect for their own womankind were no longer present in peace-time, it was little likely that soldiers in a conquered country would respect the womenfolk of the distracted inhabitants. "Væ victis!" the Kaiser is said to have exclaimed when speaking of a war then only dimly envisaged, and upon that precept his armies seem to have acted.

Admitting, however, that the precepts of civil life had been put into practice in war-time, admitting, too, that there was very little in the German moral system which should make men hesitate to carry out the most brutal orders, there remains the fact that orders were given to terrorize, and the means thereto were distinctly detailed. In part it has to be remembered that Germany in general, and in particular the Prussian State, takes no account of the individual. The individual, as we have seen, has been consistently sacrificed to the State in Germany itself, and it could not be supposed that in wartime the Prussians would take any account of a few thousand of the enemy, civilians

or not, killed or wounded, more especially in a war where tens of thousands must die daily in any case. Respect, therefore, for the individual could by no means be a guiding note of a nation in arms that had never learnt it in peace-time. Moreover, brutality has been a feature of German conquest too recently for it to be forgotten. One of the most violent Anglophobes in Germany, a certain Dr. Peters, was banished from Germany and removed from the German colonial service: he had to find a refuge in the country he now abuses, because his methods of native misgovernment in Africa stank even in the nostrils of a people that has at no time shown itself squeamish. Any one who will may look back to the columns of the *Times* in the years when August Bebel was still a force in the land, and read there the records of German brutalities against the natives of her miscalled colonies, denounced by the Socialists and angrily debated in that curious collection of nonentities termed the Reichstag.

The Germans have learnt that ordinary methods of German administration cannot break the spirit of a conquered people: they are the worst colonists and the worst administrators of conquered provinces since Spain wrecked her own rich empire in the Americas. Wherever the iron hand of Prussian

administration has passed it has provoked nothing but hatred: she has never succeeded in conquering the hearts or assimilating to her own tradition the cherished tenets of a conquered people. Poland, divided a hundred and sixty years ago, is still an enemy. Prussia has in all the years of her possession of Schleswig-Holstein only succeeded in antagonizing the Danes of her frontier province. In Alsace-Lorraine one knows from all too recent instances the feelings of a people to whom the Germans claim that they have given a niche in one of the most prosperous of modern federations. Long ago a Prussian Minister of the Interior, wellnigh upon his death-bed, enunciated the motto for the Prussian treatment of Poland: "There will be no end of the Polish question until there are no more Poles." First and foremost, then, the principle of Prussian frightfulness was intended to have its effect on the conquered countries themselves. The Germans knew, and knew well, that nothing but hatred and fear could greet them in any province where their armies appeared: every man and woman and child must lift a hand against them. Detested by all that knew them, and feared by all to whom the report of the Prussian system had come, they could only rule by terror in the provinces they overran.

And, secondly, their policy of frightfulness was unquestionably intended to have its effect upon the armies of enemies yet unconquered. The cloud of death-dropping airships wherewith they have threatened London, the Sunday aeroplanes over Paris, and the raiding Uhlans in Northern France and in the country around Belfort were a part of this carefully laid scheme. They were intended to scatter panic in advance of the invading hosts, to strike terror into the armies of their opponents, and still more to impede the rational strategic measures of the allied Commanders through the panic demand for protection of a civilian population faced by the same horrors which they had seen or whereof they had heard in Belgium.

There was also another effect intended. The enemy was meant by the Germans to be stricken in every nerve with the feeling of utter pity for the countries visited by the scourge of Prussia. Eight years ago, at a time when most of the German papers were considering the prospects, not of a war against France and Russia but rather of a conflict with France and England, certain of the German newspapers propounded a strategic scheme intended to bring England to her knees. Unfortunately, owing to the loss of all my papers I am no longer able to quote the actual text of this scheme, which appeared, if I am not mistaken, in *Die Post*.

[I sent it at the time to the editor of a London weekly newspaper, who found it too brutal in its terminology for publication.] In effect what was proposed was this : England, it was believed, either would not or could not render France military assistance on the Continent, but the Imperial fleet was by no means in a position at that time to make any show whatever against the British Navy, which could and would command the Narrow Seas, supply France with arms and ammunition, with food, and even possibly with a small number of troops.

France, these newspaper strategists conceived, could be overrun and crushed very quickly. So far as I remember, the Germans then calculated that this could be achieved without any breach of the neutrality of Belgium. France, therefore, would be beaten to her knees in a few weeks, or at most a few months. But by what means could Germany come by the other opponent, England? The strategists answered the question very simply. "When we have overrun France," they said, "no pity for the conquered, no terms that the French Government could offer, no cession of territory, and no acceptance of even the hugest indemnity, will persuade us to make a separate peace until her partner, Britain, also surrenders. We shall force England to surrender by our treatment of France. No horror shall be spared

to her provinces. We shall let loose a soldiery infuriated by the sight and smell of French blood upon her defenceless towns and villages; her citizens shall be put to the sword, her women thrown to our troops, and her babes dashed against the wall; her population shall be robbed even of the barest means of subsistence, famine and desolation and misery shall stalk through the land, until France herself shall cry to her partner, 'Make terms with these blonde beasts, lest we perish utterly from off the earth.' By our treatment of France we shall force Britain to surrender."

There can, I think, be very little doubt that this, which then appeared to us a silly threat of a few blatantly bestial gutter-snipes, was actually the programme of the German Empire. Neither have I any doubt that it is this programme which the Germans are now endeavouring to carry out in the provinces overrun. What they threatened they have endeavoured to perform. Belgium, whose inhabitants have been put to the sword, whose nuns have been violated, and whose little children have been dashed to pieces, is now to be made to feel the hand of famine. And the Germans only claim that they are doing unto others what for many years was done to them. Many of them have been taught as part of their education the history

of *Simplicius Simplicissimus*, that horrible record of the tortures inflicted upon the farms and villages of Germany by the roving horse-men of the Protestant North. They have revived, therefore, for their own use, the methods of conquest and subjection learned in the Thirty Years' War. And they believe, or it might be truer to say they did believe, that by the torment of Belgium they, unable to advance east or west, would be able to stave off an ultimate defeat and purchase for themselves terms not unacceptable to their pride.

Strange as it may seem, they who thus devised a scheme for defeating unconquered enemies by the vicarious suffering of an outraged people which had done them no wrong, believed that by this same means they might induce neutral countries to join them. For first they hoped that the neutral countries on the borders of Germany and Austria would fear lest, if they too joined the Allies and drew the sword in defence of an outraged country, their own fair cities would suffer a like fate, their own men and women and children be put likewise to the sword. First, then, they believed that this policy of frightfulness would have the effect of preventing neutral countries from joining the Allies. And then sheer pity for a little country thus brutally maltreated, ravished, and now starved

might induce the neutrals possibly to join Germany with a view to ending the war and the sufferings of the invaded provinces the sooner. It must be added that every day which the neutral countries of the world delay in throwing themselves, not indeed on the side of the Allies so much as against a nation or a system which has forfeited every right under heaven to be numbered amongst civilized States, increases the belief of the savages of Prussia in the effectiveness of the brutal and devilish strategy they have devised and renders less probable that the powers of darkness reigning in Berlin will be brought to remember that they too are but men, and that the blood of every Belgian is upon their heads.

And, last, they hope that when at last their hour is come, when the armies in the East are driven back finally upon the Silesian frontier, when the spectre of invasion stalks gaunt through the frontier fields of Prussia, the Allies will be compelled by the pitiful opinion of neutral countries to accept an inefficient peace. It will not be forgotten that the Crimean War was ended without further fighting mainly by the action of Austria, who to this day receives in Russia the attribute "*Verolomnie*," the treacherous. Austria threatened to join the opponents of Russia if that country did not accept the fall of Sebas-

topol as the signal of its defeat. I think it is probable that the Germans hope in the end that neutral countries, sick of the horror of the war, will exert pressure upon the Allies, if necessary by means of the Austrian threat, to accept an indecisive and inadequate peace. Against this we have to be on our guard.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. At bottom German brutality, before and after the war, was based less perhaps upon the teachings of Nietzsche than upon the inherent inability of a people upon whom has never passed the cleansing fire of Roman civilization, which is, after all, in its truest sense the Kultur of Greece, to understand the keynote of Christianity and of Greek refinement, that little word *ἐπιείκεια*, which has been translated "Sweet reasonableness." All such sweet reasonableness in themselves, as in others, this last modernized (for civilization in this connection is a misnomer) of all peoples regards as a symptom of incorrigible weakness. It is not only in their attitude towards the conquered provinces during this war that this essential defect of German mentality has been made evident. Again and again in the years preceding the war, as has been seen in part in the discussion of the Psalm of Hate, the Germans have exhibited in their discussion of international relationships this same inability to

understand the principle of sweet reasonableness. All courtesy they have regarded, like savages, as weakness. Again and again have their newspapers, and those the best of them, denounced any German concession even of the smallest kind in the attempt to arrive at a *modus vivendi* with their neighbours. Recent publications of the British Foreign Office show how again and again negotiations have broken down owing to the inability of the Germans to display a sweet reasonableness even in matters where their own vital interests were not concerned.

It must be added that if any concessions on their own part have appeared to them as weakness they had similarly regarded concessions on the part of foreign nations. The holding out of the hand of friendship had been to them a sign of want of confidence. "We are too anxious," they have cried, "to make friends. In fishing for friendship we have netted only hate." And yet, despising ἐπιείκεια in themselves and others, they have coolly based their calculations upon its existence elsewhere. For it would be absurd to suppose that the General Staff of Germany, with all its cocksureness, has not yet taken into consideration the possibility at least that ultimately the Russians will cross the Oder and the Allies the Hohe Venn (for it must not be forgotten that Prussia is entered, not upon the banks of the

Rhine, but westward, on the frontiers of Belgium and Luxemburg). They depend upon that self-same humanity in their opponents for which in themselves they have nothing but contempt to protect their own inhabitants of their own eastern and western frontiers from the fate that has overcome Belgium.

It is a terrible picture which presents itself of Germany at war—a picture of a nation which despises equity and has abandoned every last tenet, not only of that Christianity which it scarcely any longer even professes, but even of that mock knighthood whereof it still makes boast.

CHAPTER X

SCRAPS OF PAPER

WHEN German brutality and German blasphemy and the Psalm of Hate have presented themselves to our view in some of their many forms and we have striven to interpret them, it may be, on lines faintly suggested in the preceding pages, or on other lines such as those with greater knowledge may have detected, there remains for consideration the strange surprise that a nation of philosophers and poets and thinkers—a nation so careful to prescribe and regulate by codified law the life of every one of its citizens—should tear up at the first imagined moment of threat a treaty whereto it had itself set its seal.

Is it not inconceivable that a Chancellor in whom, as one of the Imperial officials said to a Church Congress at Stuttgart during the war, there is united German philosophy and the tenets of Lutheranism should tear up and describe as a mere scrap of paper a codified law of inter-

national life? It was this utterance of the Imperial Chancellor, so far as I can discover, which most surprised the friends of Germany in this country. For all else they had excuses. Atrocities were due to wine or the fevered imagination of refugees: the Psalm of Hate was the outcome of years of newspaper animosities, the wild theology which claimed God as a German conscript was due very largely to a deep sentiment of religion—but in face of the tearing up of the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality they stood aghast.

Of course, here and there there has been an attempt to provide an explanation, even if it is not an excuse. The apologists have flung into the scales that blessed word "Militarism," and proclaimed that Militarism, with capital M, is the all-sufficient explanation of everything. Think a little farther. If it was the hope of the German General Staff that England might not join Russia and France and might be induced, by that octagonal diplomat who represented Germany in London, to maintain her neutrality, and if to the very last moment the German Foreign Office still maintained a slight hope that England would not draw the sword, why did she deliberately fling in England's teeth that one breach of international agreement which she knew must bring the whole might

and weight of the British Empire into the field against her?

Politically the reason is not far to seek, and the Chancellor provided it himself in his speech to the Reichstag on August 4th, whilst the Foreign Secretary had given it in his reply to Sir Edward Goschen the same day. Germans were in a position in which they believed they could only achieve their military objects—that is, the crushing of France first—if they attacked her on a flank which should have been protected by a country as inviolable as the neutral seas of Holland. Their military dispositions, made years in advance, provided for a breach of Belgian neutrality, and they could not guarantee that neutrality without abandoning their scheme. And yet, why should their military scheme have provided for a breach of an agreement which must force the sword into England's unwilling hands? The answer is not really difficult. Once more a nation or a State system had wholly failed to understand that her doctrine of the State was shared and could be shared by no other nation in the world. For the State and the saving of the State meant to Germany something more than "leave to live by no man's leave underneath the law." It meant, as I have already tried to indicate, the preservation of a discovery, of a human inven-

tion infinitely finer in the eyes of the Germans and, they may have been led to believe, more valuable in the eyes of foreign nations than any system of international law could ever become. The State to the German did not mean merely the sum of all the individuals comprising that State, but it meant, as it were, a personality—I had almost called it a Platonic idea, *Εἰδωλὸν τι ἀποκείμενον*—an existence in a dimension and on a plane of being higher than that to which any individual could attain, a religion to itself and an all-sufficient final and efficient cause whereto all else must be subservient.

It may be that few Germans, and at least probably no German diplomats, had definitely formulated any such conception; but at least it was germinated in their minds. This supreme existence, the highest realization of human theory and practice, as the same Prussian official who spoke at Stuttgart, and with him Professor Liszt and others, have called it, could not be bound by the “petty laws that lackeys make,” the futile decalogue of the Hague. Punishment, carefully meted out, regulated, circumscribed, and co-operant to an end, awaited the individual who dared in any German province to attempt to tear up the letter of an agreement, for the written word in Germany and in German law had an even more intense value than in

countries where the code may be modified by the law of equitable interpretation. And yet this very State which insisted so strenuously upon the letter that killeth and forgot so zealously the spirit that maketh alive was itself the first to claim for itself the right, as soon as it proved inconvenient, to tear up its old agreement as a scrap of paper. And all this because of that one inherent Prussian fallacy which claimed that the State mattered and the individual not at all. Here, then, it may be is in part the explanation. It lessens not the crime, but it provides the sternest of all warnings to those that shall come after.

Some little surprise, too (though less, it may be, than that occasioned by most of the other aspects of Germany at war), has been caused by the reckless waste of human life on those wild charges against the embattled lines of the Allies. How came it that this reckless waste of life should have been employed by a State so careful of the individual infant? Irreconcilable, it would almost seem, must be such a system with the principles of a people who have exhausted the science and the care and the State system of their country to save one illegitimate infant from an early death.

In reality the saving of infant life depends on exactly the same principle as the wastage

of life in battle: for the first is merely a preliminary condition of the second. We are back again against the stubborn fact that the German does not consider the individual in relation to the State. From a military standpoint I have no doubt Germany, as perhaps the first modern nation-in-arms, had considered early the most effective use of numbers. Doubtless, too, early in the creation of her huge armies she had proposed to force a way by sheer weight of numbers through the fortress lines of France, and had devised the mass attack as the best use of great numbers on a comparatively narrow front. And, lastly, her military theorists undoubtedly did believe that in the short period of training which could be provided for a whole nation, if the economic laws of national existence were to be respected at all, it was impossible to instil that individual intelligence and initiative which might make an open order of fighting possible. There are, of course, a number of views of the question from the practical side. It is even not impossible that Germany believes that the weight of numbers thrown at positions at the outset, despite the terrible slaughter of the first onrush, would actually prove in the long run a saving of life. In general, however, there seems to be very little doubt that the doctrine of mass responsibility, the negation of

individual importance in relation to the State, and the abandonment of individual training had produced the system of the mass attack, which may perhaps have found its conclusive condemnation upon the battlefields of France.

There is one feature of Germany at war which has received indeed some considerable attention at the hands of the European and American Press, but which, if I am not mistaken, has scarcely impressed itself very keenly upon the general consciousness of the British people. That is the attitude of the German judicially towards the war and the German method of war-making. A naturalized German, who has lived in England and has been a British subject for nearly sixty years, told me soon after the war broke out that one of the things he could not understand was the German's theory that the end in this case necessarily justified the means. He explained what he meant. The whole theory of German justice, so far as the public understands it, appears to them, accurately enough for general purposes, to be based on the theory that a criminal is guilty until he is proved innocent. The theory on which Germany has based her action appears to be the direct opposite. Her papers at the outset were screaming for evidence that she had violated the rights of nations. They presented no kind of argument

to prove that she had not violated them, and as a matter of fact the only official argument was that though Germany had actually done wrong she would make it good later, an argument which would not enable the most harmless ill-doer to escape punishment in any German court. My acquaintance confessed that he would have expected the more intelligent classes of Germans to feel some hesitation, at any rate, in the face of such a judicial situation.

Of the various explanations there is one that I think has been overlooked. In the first place, as has already been pointed out, the German has been trained to accept the theory that a nation or a State system is not subject to the same restrictions which within that State govern the conduct of individuals. Secondly, the patriotic Press, and more particularly the anti-English Press, has consistently drummed into the ears of the nation the doctrine that the object of British policy has been to surround, suppress, and ultimately to break up the German Empire. It is not impossible that a war conducted exclusively against France and Russia might for a moment have aroused some qualms of conscience, though qualms of conscience would not have been allowed for one instant to interfere with the advantages to be gained from a sudden on-

slaught on Germany's eastern and western neighbours. When England also came into the fight, Germans were reminded of all the campaign of slander which their newspapers had directed against the policy of Great Britain for a decade and more. If there were any qualms of conscience, they were speedily quieted by the comforting theory that Germany had acted in self-defence against a ring of enemies who had been preparing her destruction for many years. Logically they should have asked themselves, no doubt, how it came that England, thus preparing for at least ten years to take part in a war against Germany, had not prepared guns and an army sufficient to take her share in the fighting on the Continent. It may be that this question was raised in the minds of many, but it was answered by German professors and the host of paid scribes of the German Press Bureau, who flooded the newspapers with the arguments with which we are now so familiar.

"England," they said (for the conception of Britain is still foreign to them), "hoped to be able to fight this war in her accustomed mercenary manner with the hired mercenaries of other countries." She had the money, they have argued, and she believed that as long as she could provide the funds and import the ammunition the fighting would be

done for her by the armies of France and Russia, those luckless conscript troops who believed that they were fighting for hearth and home and were really fighting as the paid Soldateska of the "nation of shopkeepers."

That theory had to be maintained, even if the writers did violence to the most obvious facts. They concealed carefully from their readers the fact that instantly upon the outbreak of war the British Government and its military advisers set to work to put into action the machinery, however inefficient, for producing a huge national army, and even when that army was reported in Germany itself to be ready, in part, for transport to the Continent, and when soi-disant experts asserted that it was already so being transported, the newspapers continued to argue that it was only raised for the purpose of defending the English shops, and that only on the assumption that it was so to be used had Lord Kitchener been able to assemble a few handfuls of new mercenaries. Even Major Moraht, in the middle of January, was still throwing doubt on the ability or will of Great Britain to take her fair share in the continental fighting, and Count Reventlow was still attempting to support the theory that the recruiting figures given in the early months of the war were a fable intended to deceive the German public.

But there was and is another aspect of the German judicial attitude to the war illustrated by events preceding the war and perhaps too little noted during its course. Let us return for a moment to the circumstances of that episode at Zabern, which raised such a storm in the Press at the time and yet did not suffice to give the warning that might have been taken. In a small garrison town, Conservative in tradition and not especially anti-German in sentiment, there arose, as there have arisen in other garrison towns about which no word has appeared in the Press, a complicated dispute between the hectoring young officers of a Prussian regiment, the civil authorities of the town, and the military authorities of the district—a dispute as to their respective functions. The military authorities, owing to some supposed insults passed by the civilian population upon the officers, claimed the right to interfere by force to prevent these insults. The civilian authorities, acting, as they were in duty bound, judicially and with the desire to avoid further inflation of popular feeling, were accused by the military of incompetence or of sympathizing with supposed anti-national elements in the population. The military accordingly proceeded to side-track the civil authority, and themselves to assume control. There then followed sundry incidents of collisions between

military, or rather, as might more correctly be stated, between officers, and civilians. The cutting-down of a lame shoemaker's assistant by a hot-headed and very unpopular lieutenant was one of these incidents. Matters had reached a pitch at which it was necessary for the highest authorities to come to a decision.

Zabern happened to lie in a country whose loyalty to the German Empire was called in doubt. Actually such opposition as was generally felt (except, of course, amongst the strictly French-speaking population) was mainly an intense dislike amounting to a bitter hatred of the Prussian bully. In any other town of Germany it is at least probable that a compromise would have been attempted. Certain obvious illegalities on the part of the military would have been rebuked, the civilian authorities would have been commended for their discretion and reproved for their slowness of action, and the matter would have passed into oblivion. In Zabern, the Emperor or his advisers believed that such conciliatory action was inadvisable or impossible. The military were supported and the civilian authorities condemned. That was the general aspect of the case after the unpopular lieutenant had passed out of the court of inquiry "without a stain on his character" and after Colonel

Reutter had been removed to a more agreeable billet in a larger town of the Mark Brandenburg, and General Von Deimling had received a congratulatory slap on the shoulder from the Crown Prince and other excitable dignitaries.

That which was really significant in the whole incident was, however, the defence that was put up for the military concerned. It was argued that in this case they must be presumed to have acted in self-defence. There was no adequate evidence, and the courts of inquiry admitted that there was no sufficient evidence of aggressive intentions on the part of the civil population. On the contrary, when the shoemaker's lame assistant was cut down by the hot-headed young lieutenant there was ample evidence that he, at least, could neither physically have intended nor mentally have projected any aggression whatever. But the argument of presumptive self-defence was set up and maintained by the court. The circumstances were such, it was argued, that, however improbable it might seem to the cooler judgment of bystanders, the young lieutenant might presume himself to be about to be the object of an attack. The same defence saved the higher military authorities. The circumstances were such, it was argued again, that the military in Zabern might believe themselves to be about to be insufficiently protected from insult by the proper civil authori-

ties, and that therefore they took early measures to assume control of the situation.

The defence was simply "Self-defence presumed," and it was admitted as a sufficient explanation by the German courts. It was, no doubt, the most significant instance of this dangerous judicial doctrine, but it was neither the first nor the last. In the "Three-farthing Riots" at Moabit, or rather in the trials which succeeded the action of the police, the same defence had already been set up by the police authorities. The police had blazed away with their revolvers at the windows of a whole street for the space of nearly two hours because they believed that the inhabitants of that street had the intention of throwing missiles on them from the windows. Similarly, when angry women and the street-arabs of Northern Berlin hooted the police, as has happened time and again in the crowded quarters of every European city, the police drew their swords and, chasing through the streets, cut down whatsoever came in their way. Once more the defence was set up that the police were justified by the circumstances in their belief that they were about to be attacked by the mob. There was and is not one tittle of evidence for the assumption that any aggressive action of the mob in the street had taken place at the time when the

reckless charges were begun. Almost all the succession of conflicts between police and public recorded in Berlin in recent years had begun with the police charge and not with the throwing of stones by civilians. I have personally watched several of these conflicts, both after Socialist mass meetings in Treptow Park and elsewhere and during the Moabit rioting. Nor do I think that my observations of the latter are prejudiced by the fact that the lunatics commissioned by the Prussian Government to maintain order in Northern Berlin were unable at last to distinguish newspaper correspondents, armed with stamped and officially authorized police passes, from riotous ringleaders.

There is a corner of the "Little Thiergarten," as it is called, in Moabit; a big wide street with a small park on one side and a hospital and other public buildings on the other, where on the night of the worst rioting I watched the police deliberately herd together passers-by of all kinds and then proceed to drive them down the thoroughfare with drawn sabres. It was here that the worst bloodshed appears to have occurred, but, as has already been stated, for this police action, obviously unnecessary and in reality quite indefensible, the defence set up in repeated trials has been that of "Self-defence presumed." And up to the

present those who lost limbs or were otherwise injured by the police, even in cases when not even the police could claim that they were really concerned in the rioting, have obtained no manner of compensation, because, it was argued, "the police might be justified in supposing that they were about to be attacked."

After the Zabern disturbances this curious legal doctrine appeared in numerous less important cases. It cropped up, for example, in a case near Breslau, where a civilian charged a soldier with killing a valuable pedigree dog. The dog was in the same road as the soldier, but not one tittle of evidence could be produced that it had either ever attacked anybody or that it was of a quarrelsome nature. None the less, the court discharged the soldier on the ground that, the dog being in the same road, the circumstances were such that the soldier might have thought he was "about to be attacked." It was the same old argument of "Self-defence presumed."

Now see how this same judicial, or so-called judicial, supposition has worked out in the case of the present war. The death by assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria naturally produced a disturbance throughout Europe. The Austrian Government believed, or claimed to believe, that

it had traced the original authorship of the crime to a neighbouring State whereof for years Austria had been jealous. That State was threatened with pains and penalties which could not leave a great kindred nation indifferent. There was anxiety in all the Chancelleries. From that moment the German Government made preparations for a sudden attack upon her two neighbours! She threw over her own most solemn undertakings, deliberately violated the neutrality she herself had guaranteed, and offered as defence of what she herself admitted to be a crime only the explanation "Self-defence presumed." "The international circumstances," she maintained, "were such that we might be justified in believing that we were about to be attacked on both sides." That was the meaning of the word "Zwangslage" with which the German Chancellor, on the afternoon of August 4th, tried to explain away to the Reichstag the German violation of Belgian neutrality, and it was this same word which played so prominent a part in the proceedings of the military court of inquiry after the troubles of Zabern. "Self-defence presumed" had been raised to the status of a legal doctrine in defence of military or semi-military violations of the law of the State, and it was only natural that the Government which had found it so convenient in its relations with its own people should have

recourse to it when circumstances made it desirable that the State should violate also the Law of Nations.

Obviously, such a judicial defence could not for a moment stand the cold light of investigation by neutral nations, nor could it for one moment be admitted as an adequate defence by reasonable neutral individuals. When it broke down, as was inevitable, and when it was rejected with contempt and indignation by peoples not accustomed to the insolent hectoring and suborned military testimony of the Prussian bully, then the Imperial Government set to work to find or forge evidence that might enable it to claim, no longer that it might believe itself to be about to be attacked, but that it actually was in the position of the assaulted victim ; and only when this defence also broke down under the scathing commentaries and cross-examination of the counsel for the Allies did the German Government and its officials and its Press hirelings resort to the old complaint of every criminal that has ever been brought to justice, "I am not allowed a fair hearing, and the judge and jury are biased against me." "There is no longer any hope," screamed one of these Prussian Press reptiles towards the middle of January, "that the neutral nations will maintain an open mind and an unbiased judgment. Germany stands alone." The accusation that

England behaved shamefully by cutting the German cables is simply the accusation of the criminal who declares that he has not been given a fair hearing, because, caught red-handed in a murder, he is not allowed simply to throw insults at the witnesses for the prosecution.

CHAPTER XI

THE WAR IN THE GERMAN KITCHEN

WHILST this section was going to press news reached London that the German Government had proceeded to the seizure of all supplies of corn and bread cereals throughout the Empire. It had not been apparently noticed that this measure had already been taken in the two Duchies of Mecklenburg some weeks earlier, yet the fact was of some importance or interest, owing to the character of the two Duchies. They were and are the last home in Germany of feudalism *de jure*, just as East Prussia and parts of Silesia were the homes of Prussian feudalism *de facto*. In the Mecklenburgs were and are the great manorial estates, with their large agricultural holdings, and here first, probably, was made the attempt of the well-to-do gentlemen farmers to store or save quantities of wheat and to suppress the knowledge of this storage when called upon by the Government in December to declare the amount of their holding. There are reasons for

believing that this measure was not resorted to so extensively in East Prussia, where, indeed, the farmers had already had some experience of loss by raiding Cossacks, and where it was to be expected, at least, that the coming harvest, and more certainly still such stock from last year's harvest as has survived, would again fall into the hands of the enemy. The East Prussian farmers were more anxious perhaps than any others to see their stock safely in Government store-houses.

It must not, however, be supposed that sheer unpatriotic selfishness necessarily dictated the action of those farmers who in December understated the amount of grain in store. In the Mecklenburgs, at any rate, there were a considerable number of peasant families on the land who were in a position of almost patriarchal dependence on the lord of the manor. As was the case to a much greater extent in Hungary, in Germany also payment for services was not infrequently still made in kind. I remember being told not many years ago in a small village of Mecklenburg that in the event of war and of a large proportion of the males of the village being called up for service, the lord of the manor, who happened also to have a large Franconian property, would support the women left behind to some extent with gifts of

flour and also milk. I do not know how far a legal obligation of this character existed, but there was certainly an understanding that it would take place. It ought therefore to be recognized that the attempt to retain considerable supplies of breadstuffs may have been partly due, not to a desire to sell them at higher rates later on, but to a sense of obligation towards the village population.

It is probably no more than justice to suggest that there may have been, and probably were, numerous cases of a genuine benevolence of this kind. I have only suggested this one illustration because it would be a mistake to suppose that the bulk of the German Junkers or gentlemen farmers were corn-usurers, as the Socialist Press endeavoured to paint them, or unpatriotic. Life in the German country, particularly in Prussia, was often hard and the treatment of peasants not infrequently directly brutal, but there were certain recognized obligations, more particularly in times of national distress, and an attempt to understand the attitude of the German people of all classes towards the war will certainly prove a failure if the existence in many cases of this survival of patriarchal feeling be overlooked. The seizure of all supplies in Mecklenburg at an earlier date than the general seizure throughout the Empire may have been

due to a recognition of the peculiar circumstances of the two feudal Duchies and of the probability that the estimates given from Mecklenburg were thus falsified. It is reasonably certain that the Imperial Government was greatly disappointed at the results of the December valuation of existing stocks. There was only one means of finding out whether this valuation greatly erred or not, and that was to issue ordinances making a declaration of all stock within a certain time compulsory under severe penalties. The penalties for false declarations varied from fines of several hundred pounds to imprisonment for a year or more.

Many people in Germany had apparently obtained approximate knowledge of the results of the December valuation, and if the knowledge spread to the public there might and probably would have been grave public disquietude: the Government therefore took the obvious course of assuming ownership of all cereals, so that they might be equally divided and that an announcement might be possible to the effect that existing supplies were actually sufficient to carry Germany through to the next harvest and beyond.

There was one other feature of the situation which may perhaps call for some comment. Content as German critics declared themselves with the situation in the East and West, and contemptuous as they endeavoured to show them-

selves of any possible efforts of the "steam-roller," they yet could not really overlook the fact that a withdrawal from Poland and a defence within their own frontiers might become necessary at any time, and if it became necessary would probably take place when the corn was already in the ear. But that would mean the loss of a considerable percentage of the normal harvest, and it was obviously necessary that measures should be taken, if possible, to have a reserve supply of this year's breadstuffs, in the event of a serious shortage in the coming harvest, either owing to weather or the hand of the enemy.

It was perhaps difficult for many people to understand why such measures were not taken earlier. The *Frankfurt Gazette* endeavoured to explain that the machination of Germany's enemies and the brutal inhumanity of Great Britain had to some extent been unexpected. The German Government, it professed, had never for one instant believed hitherto that the policy of starving women and children would really be resorted to by Great Britain. It must have been sufficiently disagreeable for the newspaper to admit that the famed German foresight was in any way or in any matter at fault: but in point of fact the whole argument was the most atrocious humbug. In the first weeks of August,

and even in the last weeks of July, the greater German towns were already making preparations for a long war and for a probable restriction of the food supply. Grain and preserved meats were being stored in Berlin, Frankfurt, Breslau, Dantsic, Mannheim, and other cities at any rate before war with England had actually broken out. It is true, no doubt, that the great majority of the German people did believe that the war even against the Triple Alliance of France, England, and Russia would be finished within the year, though it is perhaps doubtful whether an actual majority at any time seriously believed that such a war would end in a triumph comparable with that of 1870. The German Government has always attributed very great importance to the psychological attitude of the people at war: that is what her generals meant by their talk of the "victory of the nation with the strongest nerves," and the Government was very anxious not to make the probabilities of the war appear too grave at any earlier period than was necessary. Measures taken early in the winter of 1914 for nationalizing the food supply would have proved a much severer shock than they did at the end of January 1915, by which time the German people had become accustomed to the idea that the war would be a long one, and that

victory would only be purchased, if at all, by exertions bordering upon the superhuman. When the Government ultimately took its measures for nationalizing the supply of cereals, the civilian population of Germany was already to a large extent resigned to those hardships which war inevitably brought : there is, therefore, some reason to believe that when newspaper after newspaper set to work to argue that these measures had been rendered necessary by the inability of the civilian population to realize that the utmost economy and frugality of living had really become necessary, their complaints were only partly justified, perhaps, even, only partly genuine. It may be and no doubt is true, as we have already seen in the foregoing section, that the lower middle class and the labour population was the last to realize how grave the position of Germany had become. Yet it must be remembered that the Socialist Press, when it could do no more, had at least endeavoured to refrain from an exaggerated optimism, and that, therefore, if the working-class population, the household servants, and so forth revolted at first against the measures of the Government, it was because they were the first to realize, or perhaps the first to express their realization of, the fact that not the immediate circumstances of the case but the grave

possibilities of the future were the true occasion for these sudden measures. These observations are perhaps not quite unnecessary in view of the earlier notes regarding the comparative adaptability of various classes of the population to the novel conditions necessitated by the war.

SECTION III
AFTER THE WAR

INTRODUCTORY

WHEN the tens of thousands of lives and the millions of limbs, and the wrecked homes, ruined towns, and in addition colossal waste of human energy past and present involved in this war come to be reckoned up after the signing of peace, it is true that there will be no answer to the question "Who has profited?" but there will have to be an answer to the other question, "What is to come now?" It would need an appalling depth of pessimism to believe that the war will end in a complete position of stalemate only to be renewed when the combatants have recovered their strength and refilled their ranks, their treasuries, and their armouries.

Probably not even the leaders of the nations at war have formed at this stage any idea of the manner in which the war is to end. It would scarcely be profitable, therefore, to discuss the end of the greatest conflict in the history of the world. It is even less useful to draw redistributed maps of Europe, to cut off with the scissors a piece of Galicia here and to add

it to Russia, a snippet of Schleswig-Holstein there and present it to Denmark, to rebuild Belgium with the aid of the Luxemburg vineyards and the mines of the Eifel, or to reconstitute the ancient kingdom of Poland with the aid of semi-voluntary contributions from Austria, Russia, and Germany. It is all very well to plank outside one's shop-window a nicely printed notice, "Business as usual pending alterations to the map of Europe," but when one sees such notices one has always rather the feeling that we are counting our chest-nuts before they are cooked. And indeed at this time of writing (in the end of December) it is a little difficult to overcome the feeling that most of the alterations so far have been accomplished by the German armies themselves. Yet even at this stage it is necessary, if one is to avoid an unjustifiable degree of pessimism, to believe that the repairs will follow the alterations, and reparation be made not only for the injuries of this present war, but for those *injuria temporum* which Bismarck claimed as the excuse for his attack on France in 1870. All prophecy regarding the outcome of the war is necessarily dangerous: it is even more than dangerous, for it may lead to a supposition that the work is already half done, and that it will not require quite all the effort which the allied nations can put forth. It is therefore with great hesitation that I have

set the title "After the War" at the head of this section.

And yet one remembers that "to be past the age of dreams is to stand on the threshold of death, a death of mediocre resentment and mortally wounded sensibility." One dreams accordingly of the things that shall come after, and, as pessimism or optimism prevails, the dreams are coloured in accordance with the landscape we have passed, or they have the faint halo of another and a better country to which we hope to come.

Pessimism would teach that that which has been is also that which shall be, and there is no new thing under the sun. The last made knight, watching spring by spring the yew-tree smoke and thinking of the past, conceives of himself as of another Elijah going forth companionless, "They seek my life to take it away also."

A huge war, a modern Sir Bedivere might think, has been fought in the cause of Justice and Christianity and the Rights of the Oppressed on a wider field than ever was Lyonesse. Thousands of Arthurs lie slain by the modern Modred, the Round Table is broken up, and all the land goes back into the beast. As things have been they remain. For a little while the hundred voices of the guns drown the petty strife of creed and creed. The great effort for national existence

overshadows the efforts of some politicians to maintain their goodly salaries and the desire of others to "nationalize" the goods of institutions which provoke their jealousy.

The question whether this man or that should stand for some uninteresting constituency has become a ridiculous problem at which men shrug their shoulders and ask, "Have these politicians not even a sense of humour, even if they have never had a sense of decency?" All our world has fallen in ruins about us; the customs of generations have been broken up; our pleasant little habits of the counting-house, the theatre, and the church have been thrown overboard in the one great effort to save bare existence as a nation.

Shall we go back to the old things and find them just as they were? Some months after peace is signed, will our August newspapers be discussing as matter of grave importance the emptiness of our churches or the length of our sermons or the comparative salubrity of East Coast resorts? In a word, will things be just as they were before, with a few million men dead or wounded, hundreds of millions of money fired into the air, and confidence between nations once more stricken to its death-bed?

For war brings confidence or its reverse. Which will it bring to us?

One has to face these questions, though it is hard to find an answer, and so one likes to dream of an earth gradually growing a little better for its purge of pride and of man growing a little wiser for this present visitation. Somewhere, somehow, some day there must be a Threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite.

In the quiet hours one may form a mental picture of the world after the upheaval, and, like the evangelist, may think one sees a new Jerusalem coming down out of heaven, and earth moving slowly towards "the one far-off Divine event."

The English poet who foresaw in that wonderful prophet-poem of the present war, "Locksley Hall," all those modern instruments of horror against which we now make elaborate preparations, aerial navies dropping ghastly dew, yet saw beyond a vision no one at that time had contemplated, a brighter vision to be revealed. For "aged eyes may take the growing glimmer for the gleam withdrawn," and

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose
runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of
the suns."

I am not now to attempt, even if I could have dared, to imagine what will be the condition of

earth and of the world fifty years after the war, nor would I even venture to suggest what effects the war may have upon the minds of the generation still alive. I must be content to try to sketch in the remaining chapter some of the ideas which, watching Germany before war and in war, occur to me as possible, perhaps in some cases even probable, after the war.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

I CAN imagine that a picture of commercial prosperity, of a Germany once more a great buyer of English goods but divorced of her rigid tariff wall, might strike the spiritual prophet as being almost as grossly material as appeared the arguments of Norman Angell, whilst, on the other hand, a picture of desolation and ruin, of a continuous hate, and of cherished ideas of vengeance may appear equally to overlook the potential development in Germany after the war of the Greek virtue of self-knowledge, the Christian virtue of humility, and the commercial virtue of the "open door."

Thus, different people may interpret the optimist or the pessimist view of Germany after the war according to their own desires or mental aptitude. I am only afraid that the optimistic view of Germany after the war is as mistaken as the other. For in nearly all discussions of the future one fact is very considerably over-

looked—namely, that if a nation is in any true sense of the word a nation at all, it must possess personal characteristics more than skin-deep, that is, more than material, and feelings which render it a sentient entity, and which are not carried upon the coat-sleeve for every daw to peck at. What one has to remember, I think, is that at the basis of the Psalm of Hate there lies a difference of national personality which will not be altered by any war, however victorious on the side of the Allies, or however disastrous to the German people. It is no doubt possible, and it may be worth while to make the effort, to suggest *a priori* some of the forms which development or alteration or concession in the material sphere may take in Germany after the war, but these will, after all, not be the essence of the matter. There will be something which does not change because it cannot.

Let it be admitted that probably knowledge of her own limitations is one of the lessons that the war will have brought to Germany. One finds, for instance, the *Weser Zeitung*, writing under date of December 31, 1914, making certain confessions which the Germany of June 1914 might scarcely have swallowed. The great Bremen paper wrote: "That which we have to place clearly before ourselves is the fact that the moral conquest of the world is not only

foreign to the German character, but for us, to all appearance, impossible. The world will have none of us, so that we must let that alone for ever."

Here, then, is definitely something that Germany has already learnt; she has discovered that it is not given to her to make moral conquests—that is to say, in plainer language, she is not able to assimilate to herself other nationalities, she cannot impose upon men or inspire into them her own conception of culture, neither can she, as it were, swallow up national characteristics of other peoples by means of a world-wide propaganda for the gospel of Teutonism.

For it costs more to redeem the soul of a nation, and she must let that alone for ever. Many prophets of the battles of Megiddo have told us that all territorial conquest, all removing of a nation's landmarks, is futile, because the measure of fluidity has steadily been decreasing since the beginning of the Middle Ages, and in our time countries are so crystallized, they are so stiffened, that to attempt to change their frontiers involves a tearing of tissue, bringing incurable injury to the whole body-politic of the world.

And if this is true of territorial limits it is much more true of the psychology of nations, which is so far crystallized that any attempt to

alter it is a tearing of moral tissue, resulting in mortal wounds. It was true many centuries ago : for the failure of the Roman civilization consisted in great part in the fact that she tried to impose her civilization, her culture, her intellectual and moral attitude upon Eastern peoples whose spirit she had not apprehended and whose national characteristics she could not appreciate.

The failure of Rome has been also the failure of Germany ; she has persuaded herself within the forty years of her new Imperial existence that hers was a mission to the whole world to spread the light of the German gospel of organization, if necessary by force. At the head of her offending has stood an Emperor, counting himself prophet, priest, and king in this new covenant, who has devised for himself or imagined for himself a world-wide expansion of that moral influence whereof he conceived himself the evangelist.

German commerce, the German fighting flag, German missionaries, and German statesmen were all, as it were, the evangelical exponents of this German gospel, the channels whereby this new-discovered grace should flow to the peoples which stood in darkness. To this evangelization over the world all else must be subservient. Germany's future, as the Emperor understood it, lay upon the water, because the water was the

highway of the nations, and therefore also the highway of these German missionaries. Proclaiming a new dispensation, he conceived that all means, even those of violence and robbery and force, must be justified by the end to be obtained.

Over and over again he has proclaimed his disappointment. France, he said a few years ago, had rejected the hand he had repeatedly stretched out to her. England, with the same blindness, had declined to accept his gracious covenant, and therefore must be destroyed.

Although one rose from the dead, England would not believe, and therefore in the widest aspect of his conception the Kaiser saw himself drawing the sword in this the last and greatest of all the Crusades.

It is his disappointment which is echoed by the *Weser Zeitung* when it cries, "It is not in the nature of the German to make a moral conquest of the world, because the world will have none of us." And here lies the first obvious result of the war. The gospel of Teutonism is rejected; it remains to save that gospel, to find for it a sure abiding-place where it will be stored up in the hearts of a faithful people until in the fulness of time some evangelist shall be found to preach it so that all the nations of the earth must hear.

First, then, Germany has learnt that national characteristics are in large measure crystallized for all time, and national hot-gospellers are sure of a reception elsewhere as painful as his who lost his life amongst the ruins of Old St. Paul's.

But now the medal must be reversed, and on the other side it must be made clear that of Germany, too, certain national psychological characteristics are crystallized and will not be altered—no, not though all the nations of the world, the Allies and the neutrals together, should march against her in one wild crusade.

There is a German phrase which has cropped up here and there in German psychological discussions of recent years derived, strangely enough, from our Indian Empire. There is a feature of national virtue or national psychology that is an attribute of the soul of a nation, something that goes to make up its inmost being, which has been called *Sahibthum*.

It is a characteristic, as a rule, difficult enough to define, oft-times elusive and sometimes taking forms hard enough to comprehend even for the people of the nation itself. In England people have tried to call it the soul of a nation, or the essence of the nation, and they have tried to materialize it as the mission of a people, as the white man's burden, and in a dozen other different ways. In reality it is

neither a mission nor a character nor a burden, and it is not wholly instinct, because to a large extent there is involved therein the primal law of self-preservation by free will.

It is most nearly expressed possibly by a German word—"Drang," the driving-force in all the nation's actions and attempts and experiments. Nothing will ever drown it out, no defeats can eliminate it, and no material changes in form or fashion of government can alter it; it is not a question of a nation being true to it, because it is a part of the life itself, and it is only when life is at its lowest, in the dark hours which precede the morn, when corruption and disease have lowered the vitality, or when Jeshurun, waxing fat, has become sleepy even to faintness, that this national impulse ceases to be apparent. It is this essence of the national impulse which will remain to the German people when all her illusions are scattered, her armies defeated, her wealth vanished, and her prosperity in decay.

If the Greeks had simple beauty and naught else, they had, in Browning's phrase, about the best thing God invents. Of the Hebrews, the greeting assumed that peace was the gift they brought. Pacification, in its truest and best sense, was the national impulse. So that the joy of beauty was of the essence of the Greek *χαῖρε*, "Peace" the essence of the Hebrew salutation

"Salem," and to these were added afterwards the essence of the Roman greeting "Strength" [*Vale*, "Be thou strong"]. Now, one might inquire what is the essential German greeting to be added in due course. Probably, when all is said and done, it would not be a repetition of the Roman "Be strong," Nietzsche's *Werde Hart*, but "Be organized," for that gospel of organization which the Germans thought they had rediscovered and desired to impose upon an unwilling world is possibly the essential impulse of the nation. And if so, it can never be destroyed. This was their *Sahibthum*, this their voluntary impulse, to take a thing disorganized, irregular, and cursed, as they believed, by the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, to organize it, put it straight, and make it orderly and regular—copper-plate lettering upon a smooth slab. This was their virtue and their white man's burden, this their gospel and their *Drang*, and none shall take it from them.

So when the war is over we shall expect to find German organization moving out again upon the face of the waters, helping to restore the chaos which Germany has done so much to create, obedient to its own voluntary impulse, and this time, if all is well with the world, helped and not hindered by all the other nations of the earth ; because the other nations have recognized

that to each people there is its own impulse, its own Drang, but that no Drang is exclusive and no Drang is the only doctrine, because in all religions there is a part of the truth.

I have only suggested organization as being possibly the essential German Sahibthum in its material manifestation. It may be that organization is itself only an emanation of something much deeper, some gift or some divinity which needs space in time to manifest itself perhaps in other forms. Certainly, however, in any calculations as to what the future may bring forth, it is necessary to remember that there is somewhere this Sahibthum, and ultimately any effort to impede its progress when once its work is complementary to that of other nations must prove futile.

This said, as it had to be said, one may turn perhaps to a less immaterial consideration of the possibilities of the future. We have seen in various aspects how the German theory of the State required the sacrifice of the individual, and required it not in the sense of a free-will offering upon the altar of patriotism, not in the sense of the inquiry "Who dies if England live?" but in much the same way as the constant death and destruction of cellular tissue is required for the comparative permanence of the whole body.

It would seem that the doctrine of the unim-

portance of the individual may have found its death, like the doctrine of the mass formation, in the Battles of the Rivers. For the gospel has been preached irrespective of the one everlasting and indestructible unit, the individual human soul. German professors and economists like Professor Liszt have conceived, or taught themselves to conceive, of nationalities as individuals with souls. They have devised for themselves a fourth-dimensional world wherein nations are persons and the years of a life are centuries, and they have forgotten that there is neither in nature nor in history nor in any gospel any support whatever for their theory.

Now, the individual German, whatever his patriotism or however complete his discipline, is still a human being. And, moreover, even the uninstructed German has a curious habit, under certain circumstances, of thinking a thing out to its necessary conclusion. Left alone and unfogged by professorism and the barrack-yard, his is an essentially honest intellect, and he does not fear upon demand to face the bitterest facts. Sooner or later there will come to the individual German the hour when he will realize his own individual loss, when his individuality will reassert itself in defiance of his patriotism, and he will realize that to die for one's country means dying that others may live, but that it itself,

patriotism and self-sacrifice, has no justification under the sun unless the individual soul is immortal. And when he reaches this stage he will also begin to realize that all that there was beautiful in the doctrine of self-sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism has been painted over and beclouded and whitewashed and stucco-fronted by unprincipled humbugs. And he will set to work to chip off the whitewash and break down the stucco.

The realization of the colossal losses suffered during the war will presently come home to the individual German, and he will ask himself, and still more he will ask his false prophets, "Wherefore was this sacrifice made?" In that day, unless I mistake, it will fare ill with those "inspired" sons of Chenaanah, who cried to Germany, "Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper!"

That the individual German will be helped to throw over the doctrines of the false prophets by material circumstances is reasonably obvious. I doubt whether the majority of English readers have yet realized what Germany did when she found herself confronted almost by a world in arms. It is not only that she organized, and had organized for years, her army. To the army she can add, as at the time of writing Austria is adding, the *levée en masse*, every individual almost capable of lifting a rifle and pulling a trigger.

That is to say, she has prepared to throw the whole population against the enemy. However much or however little this supreme act of national immolation, organized by the national leaders, may avail, it remains certain that just as Germany has prepared the *levée en masse* of her whole population, so she has prepared, and indeed has already set in motion, the mobilization of everything that can be called national property. A writer in the *Vossische Zeitung* calculated a few weeks ago that in every six months of this war Germany was expending about one-fifteenth of her total national capital. That does not mean the money at the bank or the gold in the Treasury, or the corn supplies or any other supply of the necessities of life; it means that she is expending one-fifteenth of everything that goes to make up the meaning of the words "German Empire."

It is better perhaps to illustrate. For some years the Government of the Empire had been preparing a scheme of State-pawnshops for use in time of war. They are called "Darlehnskassen." Within a few days of the outbreak of war these loan *caisses* were working quite smoothly. Originally they were intended to enable the man or the family which suddenly found the sources of its entire ordinary peace income from commerce or trade or professional undertaking dried up to take the stock-in-trade,

the materials of its business, to these loan caisses and to obtain for them a percentage of their estimated peace value. Thus a bookseller, finding with the outbreak of war the possibility of selling his usual numbers of copies of school or university or other publications suddenly gone, could take his whole stock of such retail publications and obtain for them a percentage of their normal selling value.

Similarly manufacturers with a large stock of half-made or ready-made articles could obtain a loan upon them. Agricultural machinery, farm-stock, and numberless other descriptions of stock-in-trade might be added to the list.

It is not possible to obtain as yet any estimate of the extent to which the provisions of this Imperial system were taken advantage of in the first months of the war by people who thus obtained literally means of purchasing the necessities of life. In many cases it is quite clear that people obtain loans immediately amounting to very nearly a year's income, and that without the necessity of any further efforts. But the loan caisses did not hand out money to the borrowers; they did not even give ordinary Government notes, but they issued special tickets or notes of their own, which were then given officially a transferable public currency. Thus they became the equivalent of a new paper

currency, except that whenever in the course of exchange from hand to hand they reached the Imperial bank they were withdrawn from circulation and the possessors were given notes in exchange. Little by little, therefore, the Imperial bank got back into its hands, or is getting back into its hands, these notes of the loan caisses, and it is not possible to judge what percentage of them at any time is in circulation. There came, however, a second stage in this procedure. The Government required a great national subscription to the war loan. People bought it to some extent with notes, but to a much larger extent, it would appear, they purchased it by pawning their stock-in-trade with the loan caisses. They took the paper currency of the caisses to the Reichsbank, receiving in return war scrip. It is true that for the loan from the caisses they are or were paying from 2 to 3 per cent. more than the percentage obtained as interest from the loan, but this did not affect them immediately, and it was made to appear once more in the light of a patriotic sacrifice.

It has been necessary to explain the proceedings of these loan caisses partly because it will be sufficiently obvious that at some period of the war, sooner or later, the large number of people who felt themselves considerably well off,

or, at any rate, beyond the immediate fear of poverty, owing to the possession of this loan caisse currency, will come to the end of the currency (I do not like to call it money, for fear of misunderstanding) obtained by the pawning of their stock-in-trade, and they will either have to take up loans on the amount of the war stock which they hold, with the result that the negotiable value, or rather pawnshop value, of the loans will be greatly reduced, or if they do not hold war stock they will find the borrowed money at an end and no more stock to pawn.

That is the moment when the financial confusion in Germany will reach its zenith. The question how soon or how late that moment may arrive belongs in part to a consideration of the possible or probable length of the war, with which I do not concern myself.

But at any rate, it being premised that Germany cannot now, under the very happiest good fortune, obtain any such victory as will place her in a position to demand an indemnity (I have purposely put the position for Germany in the most favourable light possible), it is clear that there will be no international currency available for replacing this artificial paper money. The work of the nation, which is, after all, its essential asset and that wherewith it must purchase its livelihood, can alone slowly redeem

these enormous overdrafts and restore a measure of prosperity to the country.

What the German Government therefore really did was to take the whole material capital of the nation and to make it available—directly in the case of currency, gold and silver ornaments, copper, brass, metal, or other necessities of existence, such as raw material for manufacturers and the like ; indirectly in the case of real property, such as lands, houses, hotels, and other stock-in-trade—for the pursuit of the war. The whole material property of the nation, its national wealth, was cast into the melting-pot and transformed, so to speak, into bullets.

It was the *levée en masse* of the national capital, corresponding to the *levée en masse* of the individuals comprising the nation ; and of this mass capital about 15 per cent. is being used up, according to the very modest German estimate, every six months. If that estimate is correct, and if the war were actually to last three years, it is pretty evident that Germany would simply have nothing wherewith to pursue it ; and in point of fact there is some reason to believe that the 15 per cent. estimate is rather low.

Now, however, since this is the point to which we are really coming, consider the condition of the individuals comprising the German nation when the war is over. There is nothing left

to them except the land, and as an asset the human labour of the future. Suppose an indemnity laid upon the country, then even the human labour of the country, reduced as it must be by the enormous losses of the workers, is itself earmarked for the payment of indemnity. The individual will be faced not only by the loss of all that he did possess but by a colossal debt. To some extent he is obviously bound to realize this factor in the situation. He will, indeed, be made to realize it by an enormous and oppressive taxation. Will he not ask whether this sacrifice of the individual to the professorial idea of the nation was really justified?

I am inclined to think that those upon whom in the nature of things the anger and disgust of the people will first fall are preparing themselves betimes, if it were possible, to evade the consequences. I remember some years ago, whilst cycling through Franconia, stopping at an old-fashioned inn opposite a stumpy feudal château on the hill. I was admiring its curious contours, lit red in the setting sun, when a Socialist inn-keeper said to me, "That will one day be burnt." I have heard, too, that in some parts of Prussia and Mecklenburg there has been a sort of feeling at various times that a big national disaster would bring a kind of Jacquerie. Is it not conceivable that those who fear a Jacquerie are attempting

by means of the Psalm of Hate to turn from themselves the wrath to come? Do they not hope that they will be able, working underground, to keep alive for many years after the war is over a bitter national hatred of Great Britain which will act in some measure as a safety-valve for themselves? and is it not, all things considered, extremely probable that in large measure they will succeed?

The revolt, however, against the doctrine of the total subjection of the individual has been in great measure prepared in advance. Socialism, by a curious paradox, was itself in the Germany before the war to a large extent an individualist reaction: it was, of course, notorious that of the four millions or so who voted for Socialist candidates at the last elections to the Imperial Diet rather less than a quarter were technically members of the Socialist party, and even of these a comparatively small proportion were adherents of the internationalist doctrines of Marx, Engels, and Lassalle.

I had occasion before those last elections to talk both in Berlin and out in the open country to many people—petty farmers, retail tradesmen, and others—who announced that they would vote Socialist. The State system of Prussia made itself felt as an oppression in proportion as its victims were intellectually sentient. It was

not for the Socialist that they were voting, but for any party that seemed to hold out some chance of an ultimate throwing off of the State yoke and of a realization of that supreme law of liberty, "leave to live by no man's leave underneath the law." Just in proportion, it will be noted, as any State of the German Confederacy offered a measure of relief from restrictive and suppressive legislation and administration and executive, so did the Socialism of that State tend to take upon itself less violent forms, to become, in fact, a manageable opposition.

Revisionism, which was a product of the more Liberal Southern States, was early recognized by the Prussian stalwarts as a danger to the whole Socialist organization, because it was in itself a denial of the repressive, narrowly limited organization of the Marx-Engels schools. In the Southern States was most pronounced the tendency to emphasize the individual rights of the lesser States of the Confederation ; and here, too, grew very slowly a tendency of the administration and the executive to recognize in some small measure the supreme right of the individual. Socialism ceased to be a living force just in proportion as individualism became a reality.

Here, then, perhaps (for no reasonably prudent man will dare to prophesy) may be a key to the

development of Germany after the war. It is perhaps not improbable that yet one further development may be the consecutive abandonment of the watertight compartments into which German life has been divided. For if the lesson is learned aright, one might expect to see Germans themselves refusing any longer to admit that the business of thinking was the proper function only of a thinking class, and the business of working with the hand only the proper function of the operative class. One might expect to see the development of a social system wherein once more it will be easy for a Goethe to leave his ministerial account-book and go over to his summer-house to write another "Faust," and wherein (for this perhaps might prove the most decisive change of all) a man will be educated so that he may develop any faculty there may be in him, so that he may set his hand to any and every task that shall come upon him, so that he may become, if needs be, master of every trade.

The broadening, then, of the basis of education will possibly be one of the features of the Germany of the future, and with the broadening of her education Germany will surely see to it that it is based upon the moral law.

A mysticism seeking after the Unknown God will be replaced by the one good seed lying

dormant of all the harvest of the old Germany before 1870—that is, a consciousness of mystery, an acknowledgment that there are things in heaven and earth which can never be organized and never be harnessed to any mortal chariot.

And yet one feels that there might be a danger here of overestimating the possibilities. It is unlikely—I might perhaps even say impossible—that the old good-natured Germany of the days of division shall rise from the ashes of the Babylon that is destroyed.

The warning of Koheleth has been received in all too material an interpretation by the watchmen of history. The spirit, it is true, and the soul, and good and evil, and knowledge and ignorance, and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, are the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. In this sense there is indeed no new thing under the sun, yet “all experience is an arch wherethrough Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades, For ever and for ever whilst I move.” The *Sahibthum* of Germany, her voluntary impulse, will remain, but the forms of it, its expression and its materialization, change as changes the year.

German conduct in war is the development of the lessons of peace, and her conduct in peace will very surely be the development of the lesson of war.

So we shall find Germany organizing again: perhaps better and perhaps more cleanly. It will take time, no doubt, before the last vestiges of her old character vanish: and it may even be that, as the pagan religions were but the preparation for the New Covenant, so the paganism which was left in Germany, the instinctive appreciation of nature and the magical mystery of all the features of the changing years, may survive in so far as they are merged into a real Revelation. Out of the barrenness of the Lutheran text and out of the obscurantism of South German Catholicism there may develop a religion involving the best characteristics of both, that transcendental *Something* after which the Kaiser groped through the material darkness of his reign. The desert-ways still lead to the Sphinx.

When all this conjecture and all these hopes have been defined, there will still be those who seek after a sign. "It is all very well," they will say, "to talk up in the air about something which is really beyond human calculations: but ultimately what it comes to is this—we have to live our lives when the war is over. What share in those lives will the New Germany have? Shall we be able to trade with her as of old? Shall we be able to resume our old pleasant relations with many individual Germans? Will the world switch back into its comfortable existence

before the war, or shall we be condemned to watch the "yew-trees smoke spring after spring," and, realizing that the world we knew is for ever dead, sink with our mortally wounded susceptibilities into the oblivion of our graves?

Well, we have seen that more than possibly for many years after the war is over we shall have to face an inspired and carefully planned flame of anger and ill-will, of hatred, and of desire for revenge.

Bismarck warned his people after the war of '70 was won that it behoved Germany so to conduct her affairs that the beaten nations might slowly forget their wounds and remember only that Germany had but restored the injuries of time.

Nothing will ever be achieved in respect of any German by weakness. It is part of the national—as well as of the individual—German psychology that not yet has he understood and grasped the workings of the Greek virtue of *ἐπιεικεία*—sweet reasonableness. And except one could answer the question, "Can *ἐπιεικεία*, sweet reasonableness, be inculcated, burned in upon the soul of a nation, by defeat in war?" one cannot answer the corollary, "Dare we treat Germany after this war with the confidence we have learned to place in our own household?"

To this problem I do not believe that there

is at this time any answer. The rulers of a beaten nation, whoever they be, put ashes upon their heads, and sackcloth upon their backs, and adopt the attitude of humility of national Uriah Heeps. Doubtless if and when Germany is thoroughly beaten, when she sees her world crumbling in ruins about her, she will show herself humble, very humble. But the wary statesman will remember that this kind of *post bellum* humility is apt to be of short duration, and before he counsels gentle treatment he will look to see whether there be any true tokens of a new spirit in the land.

The commercial world will have to deal still with the backbone of German success, her divine impulse for organization and her thrift. There are signs already that she is preparing for whatever condition of things may exist when the war is over. Germans are not allowed—and in fairness to them one has to admit that they are not inclined—to sit still with folded hands and see how the war will end. They are girding up their loins for the years that will follow.

It seems a small thing, yet I note that in November the Chambers of Commerce and like institutions of the leading German cities sent out, not only to students and schoolchildren, but also to employees of firms and warehouses and apprentices of tradesmen and masters of handi-

craft, a circular letter, couched somewhat in the following terms:—

“The war brings with it for some of you shorter hours of work in factory or shop. Whether the shortening of hours is due to a decrease in the demand for your labour at this time or to relief from some one of the obligations that fell upon you in peace-time, do not waste the hours of freedom in idleness, in parading the streets or going to look at the war pictures! Make you ready betimes to take your place in the more vigorous economic life which will follow the war. You can, for instance, and you should be now acquiring an additional knowledge of foreign languages. Polish, for instance, will undoubtedly be of great value for the commercial and industrial reorganization of Poland. English and Spanish will undoubtedly be of great importance, whilst there will assuredly be a demand also for people with a knowledge of the Scandinavian tongues.”

So the circular continued, and there are other similar circulars on other points which I have seen. Organization, then, will still have to be faced, and, because circumstances will compel it, German thrift, no longer rendered nugatory by the extravagance of undigested prosperity, will render Germany once more an effective competitor. Mechanically one supposes that, for a

time at any rate, there will be a continuation of severe Customs regulations. But it is not improbable that after a time the German tariff wall, robbed of its *raison d'être*, which was the preparation for rendering Germany entirely self-supporting in time of war, will collapse with the war spirit. With German wealth, it may be supposed, will vanish a great deal also of the vice' that wealth brought. There will be a change no doubt in the character of her great cities, and possibly even an approximation to those civilizations which she once dreamed herself destined to supplant. She will, one believes, accept more of the experience of others, and strive less to impose upon others her own half-digested assumptions. For she knows now, and will not forget, that all the insincere admiration was but a phantasm, that other nations did not believe her the only Great and the only Wise, and that they did not really mean that self-depreciation which they oft-times professed. This lesson one may read now in many of the utterances of her newspapers and her public men, and she will not forget it when the war is past. It seems possible, however, that in some degree she will retain the principles that have guided her in the past. She has proved, or thinks she has proved, that, after all, agriculture is the basis of the State. Industrialism is the product of an expansion which at any time

may be stopped and withered by an adverse combination, but the farmer remains the man who feeds the people.

Doubtless there will be some rehabilitation of the peasant farmer, a disbanding perhaps of the great *latifundia*, the huge country properties of Silesia and Mecklenburg, with the object of a restoration, a revival, of the yeoman class.

It is in no wise certain, I hold, that Germany for many years to come will be a pleasanter country for a foreigner to live in than she has been these last thirty years. That she will be a freer country is probable, and she will look, I imagine, a great deal less to that half-hearted admiration which her institutions have received abroad. She will talk less of jealousy, and less of her mission, and more of working out each man his own salvation with fear and trembling.

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